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## AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

### CHAPTER I.

It happened at Windward. In a great metropolis it might have attracted little notice; causing no more than a passing ripple of attention in some limited quarter, and then almost at once subsiding into the calmness of indifference, and consequent forgetfulness. But in Windward it convulsed the whole population with a wild delirium of excitement lasting through many weeks, and has not yet entirely passed out of the memory of anybody. Even now there are some who still allude to the matter upon every opportunity, and, ignoring all other chronology, persistently date from it every later circumstance of village history, as a Mussulman will reckon from the Hegira.

It is a very pleasant little village, not many miles from the metropolis. It lies cosily nestling along the edge of a semi-circular sea-coast bay, originally formed by the steady washing of the ocean currents, and now protected from further devastation by a low, sandy point, which, extending from the lower side, stretches half-way across, and

turns the broad indentation into a sheltered roadstead. The village can scarcely be called enterprising, yet it possesses a comfortable and prosperous population. Not a house has been erected in it for ten or fifteen years, and there is little commerce or manufacturing worth mentioning; yet the people are generally well off, and all seem happy and contented. Three or four of them are retired merchants from the city, and are reputed to be passably wealthy. Of the others, several are invalided sea-captains, who have made themselves tolerably comfortable in the China trade. The lower stratum of society is mainly composed of oystermen, and those who let out sail-boats. All these latter appear to do a prosperous business, working very hard in the season of it, and enjoying themselves in a rough, hardy manner during their occasional intervals of leisure.

Looking seaward from the village, the prospect is a pleasing one. The sandy bar that stretches across the mouth of the bay, and separates it from the sea, is wooded at the end with a growth of some hardy kind of

pine, and thereby is projected in agreeable relief against the sky, cutting in twain a broad expanse that otherwise might seem dull and monotonous. Elsewhere the sand lies low and bare; and in certain portions is so narrow, that not only can the sea be noted over and beyond, but the wash of the surf as well can be distinguished against the farther side. It is a pleasant thing on certain bright, sunshiny days, when the breeze happens to be brisk and blowing directly in from the ocean, to watch the tossing of that outer spray, thrown in glittering showers high against the sky; and the picturesque beauty of the whole scene is then richly aided by the contrast of fishing-boats sleeping idly upon the almost unruffled surface of the inner water, with the tossing of passing ships and steamboats just outside.

Gazing from the water upon the village itself, the view may be considered somewhat monotonous, for the town differs little from other towns similarly situated. There is a slight rising of the ground behind, scarcely sufficient to be called a hill, almost bare of vegetation, excepting here and there a few patches of scrub-oak, and mainly devoted to sheep-grazing. Below, and stretching along in a curved line near the shore, are thirty or forty little wooden houses, standing detached from each other, all painted white, and hung with green blinds, and having their front courts planted with locust-trees and sunflowers, and their rear gardens with sunflowers and Lima beans. Midway is the church; a white wooden building, with two rows of little windows upon each side, and lifting in front something which was originally intended for a spire, but which, as the means for construction gradually failed, was abruptly finished off with a blunt termination, and called a tower. Toward the left the ground gradually rises, and becomes somewhat wooded; and here can be seen eight or ten residences of a more pretentious character, enjoying the comparative seclusion of a transverse street; each having its green veranda, and its ground expanded into a lawn; rejoicing, also, in a large number of locust-trees, and having trellis-twined vines

in place of the beans and sunflowers. At the right the ground slopes away, and becomes low; the houses spread themselves farther apart, and gradually the village there comes altogether to an end; the cultivated gardens giving place to pastures, and these in turn to marsh meadows; and so, with the steady sinking away of the land, the water creeps up stealthily into the more depressed portions of the soil, and the grass runs out into the salt water and there grows greener and ranker, until the ripple of the waves at high tide around the clumps of turf, and the gleam of the spear-headed rushes at low tide far out from the shore, make it almost impossible to determine with exactness where the land and water properly begin or end. This comprises the whole village view; excepting that at one side rises the glaring white light-house, and at a little distance back from the wharf there stood a few years ago—and perhaps still stands—the tavern of Cobweb & Crusty.

The tavern is very old, and from accurate and conscientious calculation could be traced well back toward the middle of the past century. It was built in revolutionary times by a simple old fisherman; and at the first was such a small, low building, and with such a huge frame for nets planted directly in front of it, that it is certain the owner could never have enjoyed the seaward prospect without leaving home. After awhile the old fisherman married off his children; and, being patriarchally inclined, established the new families in two wings built for that purpose on either hand: himself continuing to inhabit the middle building, and feeling well satisfied at having his whole household thus snugly ensconced under one roof. He in due course of time dying, the children quarreled, and continued on in their respective quarters with such studied non-intercourse, that upon a fire occurring in the center building no one hastened to put it out, or to do more than to preserve his own apartments; and so the original erection perished from off the face of the earth, leaving the two wings standing apart, as distinct and separate residences. These hostile occupants finally selling out

their patrimonies to one and the same purchaser, and moving away, the new owner restored the center building, and upon a more extended scale than before; and as this improvement resulted in the construction of a larger edifice than might be needed for one family, nothing could be more natural than that at last some one should undertake to turn it into a tavern. With this view many alterations were made from time to time, and mostly to little purpose. A cupola was thrown up from the roof, but never used; and having been badly built, it soon cracked apart and fell into its merited decay. A pilastered portico was carried along the front; and the pillars, being of slight construction, were soon whittled away by the guests. Other pillars of more solidity were substituted; and these remained, merely showing in long gashes their marks of ill-treatment. Here and there additions to the building were made in wood or brick, as the taste of the moment dictated. Of these, some soon disappeared; and those which lasted seemed invariably, in the end, appropriated to some different purpose than that for which they had been originally created. From all these additions and alterations there naturally resulted a queer conglomeration of styles that defied description and artistic criticism; but which, in its quaint and weather-beaten eccentricity, had something so striking about it as to attract all lovers of the picturesque, and attach them to the little tavern with almost the affection and sympathy with which in other countries the residents of a feudal city would glorify its historic castle. Add to all else a flag-staff upon which nothing had ever been thrown to the breeze within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and a tall sign-post in front with a swinging sign, and the description of the place may be considered completed. The winds of many years had gradually obliterated whatever had been painted upon the sign-board, until at last not the slightest record of its former state remained. It was said—though rather traditionally—that a celebrated coin-collector, of skillful proclivities, who had once happened to pass through the town, had closely inspect-

ed the blurred old sign, and had professed to decipher portions of a lock of hair and of a military shoulder-knot; whence he had concluded that the tavern had originally been dedicated to General Lafayette. Upon this hint the proprietors had been half-inclined to renew the painted record; but gradually fell from the idea, as month after month passed by and no wandering artist came along. And it was full as well, perhaps; for had the old sign been freshly emblazoned with gilt and crimson, and been inscribed with the name and title of the most distinguished favorite of the day, the people of the village would have scorned the innovation, and still to the end of time would have called the place "Cobweb & Crusty's."

These, by the way, were by no means the real names of the proprietors, but were false appellations bestowed upon them in some moment of passing inspiration by a transient guest, who thus signalized his appreciation of the hearty zeal with which one partner of the establishment affected to remove spider-webs and the gathered dust of ages from the necks of bottles stored away only the preceding week, and of the gruff surliness with which the other commonly administered the duties of his somewhat inferior department. The transient guest next morning went his way, nor ever dreamed that he had done a good thing; but the names, which in a moment of playfulness he had thus bestowed, seemed to hit the popular fancy, and were at once adopted as by acclamation. First, the usual tavern-loungers began to apply them; then the boatmen; after that the villagers at large: until at last the two men themselves seemed to assent to the novel christening, and pleasantly thus answered to each other's call. Indeed, it soon came to be commonly believed that they had actually forgotten their real names, and would have been put to dire confusion had their actual appellations been required upon any occasion of especial ceremony or importance, as a wedding, or the execution of a deed.

Cobweb was a single man, and presided over the bar. There he stood each day, and with pleasant and dignified mien dealt forth

his samples and compounds, affecting rather a courtly air, and handing out the plain, unpretending glass of cider and the elaborate "cobbler" with impartial urbanity. In his manner there prevailed throughout all a certain pleased air of supremacy, as of one who held the situation in his own hands, and kept the community dependent upon his gracious will and condescension. More especially was this the case in the summer months, when at times some favorite yacht—filled with gaily-disposed amateurs of the sea, all uniformed in white-duck pantaloons, blue-flannel shirts, and glazed hats with gilt-anchor ribbons—would come sweeping in, and lie snugly moored at the wharf for an hour or so, while the buoyant crew crowded the little bar-room, and, with reckless expenditure of champagne, seemed disposed to make the fortune of the place. Then, indeed, was Cobweb in his element, and shone resplendent with festive costume to grace the occasion; and for which it had been hinted he always reserved an especially-high shirt-collar, skillfully and elaborately starched into almost superhuman stiffness.

Crusty was of a different nature; short, thick-set, and muscular. He was gruff of aspect, and seldom, on any occasion, was seen to smile. But on the other hand, those who knew him best said that the gruffness was only on the outside; that he was a good fellow at heart, and that he was the last person in the world ever to do willful injury to anybody. He was a married man; which was looked upon as a convenient feature in the establishment, since Mrs. Crusty managed the up-stairs portion of the house, and also superintended the kitchen economy. He had not the slightest talent for the composition of drinks, and therefore chose for himself the oyster department, which, though monotonous, required no excessive brain-work. Standing behind his little counter at the further end of the bar-room, he would open oysters all day long, if required; never repining at the toil, but appearing rather pleased, inasmuch as he had a favorite theory that human life could be most properly maintained upon oysters alone, and hence he

looked upon each customer at his stand as an open advocate of his doctrine. He never assumed airs of condescension or dignity like his partner, and was but little given to the mysteries of elaborate dress: discarding collars altogether; delighting in heavy, woolen, blue shirts; shrouding himself in oil-skin coats and sou'-westers upon the slightest pretense of bad weather, and always going about, after the manner of most oystermen, with a cotton bandage bound closely around his left thumb.

By thus dividing the different departments of the house between them, and each taking rather an enthusiastic interest in his own, it not only happened that these two men fully agreed altogether, but that they gradually built up the reputation of keeping the best house of the kind along the coast. It was well provided with everything suitable—was neat and clean, and, moreover, encouraged no loud or unruly customers. The class of tavern-loungers who so often infest such public resorts and give themselves over to stupid drunkenness, or engage in brawls, was there unknown. Neither Cobweb nor Crusty would have anything to do with them. The bar-room, clean, sanded and cosy, was a refuge and resort for those only who could behave themselves. In it the retired sea-captains, and those few who, in a country village, by reason of their means and importance are always called "Squire," could meet and pleasantly converse, without the danger of being offended by disorder on the part of others. In fact, the occasional advent of city gentlemen in the summer season, not only for the time gave a pleasant air of refinement to the place, but seemed to shed an appearance of reflected propriety over it during the remainder of the year. This reputation must of course be maintained; and consequently an infringement of the customary good order by any of the guests was so severely resented, that he seldom failed to remain away for a long time thereafter. In cases of extraordinary offensiveness of expression or turbulence of conduct, Cobweb would glide from behind the bar, and gently expostulate with the offender—a course of treatment which generally had

the desired effect, particularly if Cobweb was wearing the stiff collar. But if the transgressor still remained obdurate, and treated the admonition with disrespect, Crusty would fling himself over the oyster-counter, and violently or otherwise, as the case might require, would put him out.

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## CHAPTER II.

Windward had no railroad, but a daily stage came in from the nearest station. The arrival and departure of this vehicle was of course one of the events of the place. There were packages to be waited for, or to be carefully intrusted to the drivers, and generally there were passengers going and coming. These, excepting in the summer season, were almost entirely from the towns-people—who were running up to the city to see about their consignments of fish and oysters—and now and then a woman starting off to do a little shopping for herself, and a great deal for all her friends. Then there was always, as a matter of course, a certain staid, dignified and prosperous city merchant, who very obstinately, and against the advice of all his friends, persisted in living at Windward, running back and forth between city and country each day in stage, railroad, and omnibus, and arriving at his office at eleven, to leave again at three. But there were few strangers ever seen in the stage out of the season; so that when, upon one bright afternoon about the first of April, a tall and heavily-bearded gentleman dismounted from the driver's seat, and walked into the tavern, his carpet-bag in hand, both Cobweb and Crusty looked a little astonished, and seemed rather aggrieved that the stranger had not written on before to announce his coming.

Passing through the bar-room without stopping at the desk to register his name, and generally conducting himself with assured deliberation, like one who was familiar with the premises, and very well knew what he was about, the stranger entered the dining-room at the end of the hall, and there seated

himself at the nearest table. This ease of manner, and apparent knowledge of the situation, caused both Cobweb and Crusty to open their eyes still wider, and they would have followed to learn his name and business, but for one circumstance. This was, that at the very moment a game of checkers was being played on the bar-room counter between the champion players of Windward and Leeward, and was just drawing to an end, amid the breathless interest of an excited group of spectators. Windward had two kings left, and Leeward one king, and the latter had just escaped from double-corner, and, hotly pursued, was hurrying madly across to the diagonal double-corner. The well-understood fact that the issue of the combat was inevitably preordained, did not in the slightest degree affect the absorbing interest of the scene; and it would have been manifestly impossible for either Cobweb or Crusty at that moment to abandon his place for the purpose of learning the name or attending to the demands of any guest whatever. Therefore they remained, gaining comfort from the sight of Mrs. Crusty at the other end of the hall, slowly approaching the dining-room; and the stranger was accordingly suffered to take his seat, and await her coming in their stead.

For a moment he leaned his elbow upon the table, with his chin resting upon his hand, in deep thought; then aroused himself, and looked around, with careless, uninterested glance, from one side of the room to the other, and with the air of one to whom much of its furniture was already familiar; pausing an instant longer, however, to scrutinize with somewhat amused interest the family portraits, newly-displayed along the wall, the work of some strolling artist: Cobweb with a flute poised in his outstretched fingers, and his eyes rolled up in musical ecstasy; Crusty, with less pretense of style, taken in his blue shirt, and in the act of opening an oyster; and Mrs. Crusty in the white satin and orange-blossoms of her wedding array, and, with some intent at domestic avocations, peeling a pine-apple into an Etruscan vase. Then, turning from

the contemplation of these works of art, the stranger beheld the Mrs. Crusty of the present, standing motionless before him. A small, weak, watery-eyed woman, with an anxious, frightened sort of expression, as though in constant apprehension of some summary propulsion from behind. Dressed in a stained, ill-fitting suit of coarse bombazine, whose most flowing and generous folds could not, somehow, disguise the angularity of the figure beneath. Hair bunched up carelessly behind in one ill-shapen, tangled knot. And throughout all—manifest not merely in face, but in figure also—an appearance of care and unquietude, and ill-appreciated labor, and general weariness of her lot.

"I can have supper?" inquired the stranger.

"In a few moments, sir. You see, you have come upon us so suddenly that —"

"Right—I can wait very well. Whatever you have—anything in fact—will do."

Mrs. Crusty retired, and before many minutes reappeared with a well-filled tray; sidling along with nervous timidity, and stealthily glancing behind her, as though momentarily expecting an attack. No one molested her, however; and after arranging the contents of the tray upon the table, and pausing for a minute to recover her breath, she partially resumed what little composure belonged to her, and stood awaiting further orders.

"Not much growth to Windward of late years," the stranger at length remarked.

"No; it does not grow very fast, Colonel Grayling."

"Ah, you know me, then?"

"I knew you the minute you came in, Colonel Grayling, in spite of that heavy beard of yours. I knew you by your walk, which is like the walk you had many a year ago, when every day you came down the road on your exercising. Better than you seem to have known me," she continued, with a faint sigh; and as she spoke she sat down, perhaps being rather tired with standing, perhaps feeling that having already identified her guest, and thereby put herself into more friendly communication with him, she might

venture to dismiss any attitude savoring of servility. Meanwhile, the other gazed at her intently, and, for the moment, with an air of baffled curiosity.

"Certainly I know you," he exclaimed at length, the light suddenly breaking in upon him. "You are Margaret, who —"

"Yes, sir—Margaret—she who lived with Miss Stella two years ago. Then I left her, and married Crusty. Mrs. Crusty I have been ever since, sir. And he is a good husband to me; don't you know it, sir?"

"I should hope he would be, Margaret. You deserve a good husband, surely."

"Yes, a very good husband," she continued, apparently anxious to counteract any harsh impression Grayling might have already chanced to acquire about her lord and master. "A little cross in looks, sir; but that don't matter as long as one knows that the heart is right. Speaks rather cross, too, sometimes; but that don't signify, either, for of course he don't mean it. It isn't anything at all, when one has got used to his tone, they tell me—which I have been trying to do for two years, and have almost come to it at last. But you were going to say —"

"Nothing—nothing; except to ask about all the people in the village. It is so long since I have heard from any of them. The Doctor—and Squire Peters—and—and—they are all flourishing, I suppose?"

"They're all well and hearty as usual, Colonel Grayling," she answered. "But now, was it about these you were wanting to ask me, sir?" she continued, with a feeble sort of ghastly smile. "Wasn't it about her that you was coming to ask, after awhile—gradual-like, as it were, so as not to make me think that you cared too much about it?"

For a moment the other slightly frowned and bit his mustache. It grated a little upon his feelings to be so inquisitively addressed, and his first impulse was to resent it with some cool, unfriendly reply. But looking up, he saw how the little woman sat nervous and fidgeting before him, as though herself doubting how far she might not have

offended by her boldness—glancing askant, too, toward the open door, with an apparent dread of some outward Nemesis bringing swift vengeance upon her for her iniquity—and his heart melted at once. He remembered, too, how in past times the poor woman had been his constant friend throughout trials that still kept their impress upon him.

"Yes, it was about her that I would have asked, Margaret. Or, shall I now say Mrs. Crusty?"

"Margaret it always was, sir, and Margaret it always should be. Unless, perhaps, when Crusty himself is by, when he might not like it so, being that jealous himself."

"Well—Margaret, then, let it be. And she?"

"She is well, sir. Handsome, too, as ever, excepting a little melancholy-like, as is natural. She lives at the old house—her house now—with her Aunt Priscilla to help her, and be company for her. The same house where I waited upon her until I left and came here to be proprietor's wife. You see, when Crusty first came to me, and —"

"But Stella—what about her? Tell me further, Margaret."

"What then shall I tell, Colonel Grayling? Oh, sir, why was it not to be!"

"It seems that it was not to be, Margaret; so let that matter rest. The world has had many a rough tumble for me, as it has for most men, and that one certainly was the worst. But it is done—and, likely as not, she has now forgotten me."

"Ah, sir, don't you believe that."

"No? Well, it may be that among her friends she still thinks a little about me, sometimes. But go on."

"What shall I say, sir? Or how shall I tell it? For I can't guess how much you have already heard, or how much you have not. But I will go on from the beginning, sir. I always knew, of course, that her father did not like you, and I knew that he liked Lawyer Vanderlock. And there is no denying that Lawyer Vanderlock was a very well-to-do man, whatever some people said of him, and naturally that goes a great ways with an oldish man. Anyhow, her father

didn't like you, and when news came that you had died in one of the Southern prisons —"

"Then there had been such news, Margaret? I had, indeed, suspected it."

"Yes. There was a soldier exchanged from the same prison, and he came and told how he had seen you die. He must have taken some one else for you, I dare say. But when the news came, her father seemed rather glad than otherwise. Not by any means she, however. If I should tell you, sir, how she came to me and cried, (for I was always more old nurse than servant to her) and how she talked about you—she has your phototype now, sir—and how for awhile she grew pale and thin, why then you'd know better than to go and talk about her having forgotten you. After awhile, her father he was cut down in all his pride, like David's green bay-tree, and so sickened, and died. This took off her attention little, for somehow there is nothing that balances one grief like another. And it was perhaps a greater grief yet, when the old man came to the end, and tried to make her promise to marry the lawyer. She wouldn't promise; for she is that stubborn, even at such a time, when she knows she is right. So she wouldn't promise. But what, after all, did it matter? For you see, when her father was buried, she was kind of lonely, and the lawyer was pleasant and social-like, and did not press her too much, and so got her to look upon him as a friend, though not as a lover, he being so much older; and you were supposed to be dead, and your folks didn't live here, nor know her, so that there was no one to keep an eye on her, and encourage her, and speak up for you; and having nothing left to think of, being half heart-broken as it were, she did not seem to care to whom she gave the pieces, as long as she could get kindness for them. And then she remembered how that her father, when dying, had set his mind upon it as a good thing for her, and a thing which would please him if he saw her from heaven—which I very much doubt whether he is there—and so, sir —"

"And so she prepared to sacrifice herself, and marry him. Yes, yes—I understand. It is, after all, not an uncommon story. And perhaps many who drift more leisurely into the bondage, regret it more than she would have done. For it may be that she would have been happy. How was that, Margaret? I suppose that after all she would have led a happy life?"

"It might have been so, Colonel Grayling, and then again it might not. It all depends upon the person, I suppose. There are some women, you see, who think themselves well off if they are no bussed; and there are others who expect not only kindness, but love, and love on their own part, as well as from the other side. Now as to Miss Stella, if she had married Lawyer Vanderlock, I suppose there could have been no chance of ill-treatment, however some disliked him, for he was a kind man in the main. But after all, as I have said, he was older than she, and likely as not she did not care for him as she might have cared for—for some one else, perhaps. Anyhow, she was very quiet throughout all his urging, and no one could tell how she felt, except that she said nothing, and was calm-like, and what you might call resigned. And so the affair went on for awhile, and then —"

"And then—then he died."

"Died?" ejaculated the other, looking up at him with a queer kind of uncertain, puzzled expression. "Yes, he died—if you choose to call it so. Appears to me, sir, that you have not kept the run of things pretty well, after all, while you have been gone."

"Not very well, indeed. My capture, and my subsequent duties in the army, have left me but little time to glean up news. Except that he died a few days before the wedding—and I only heard that last month—I have known but little about affairs in Windward. Well, Margaret, I will leave you now, and go out for a walk."

"To see the old village again—yes, sir. It must be quite like former times to go over it once more, so little has it altered. And you will go up to the—to the house, sir?"

She looked up more timidly than ever, and with a wistful expression, as though somehow her heart was all in expectation of a responsive answer. But this he was not quite prepared to give. Already it seemed as though his confidence had gone far enough. Therefore he partly turned away, not liking to give a short answer, yet seeking some way of repelling her interest in his affairs. Chance came to his relief with a diversion, for at that moment there was a gruff hail heard in the outer hall.

"Mag, old girl! Mag, I say!"

"Yes, yes, Jotham, I'm coming! It's my Crusty, Colonel. He always speaks in that way when there's something to be in a hurry about, but he don't mean it. It's the land-fog with which he was taken hoarse, and he don't often get over it. Coming, Jotham!"

With a confused, sidelong slide, she crept out of the room; and the Colonel, after a hasty toilet, started out for his stroll.

### CHAPTER III.

When strangers in Windward set out to see the place, they usually began by strolling down to the end of the wharf. The wharf was directly opposite the tavern door, and presented an attractive prospect—stretching out for three hundred feet past the shoal-water of the bay. At the end were corner-piles in groups; one or two happening to be short and thick, forming rather a comfortable seat, with the longer ones rising behind, and giving all the advantages of a chair-back. From this point could be seen not only the little bay, but through its broad opening the wide expanse of the ocean itself, and at certain periods of the week great steamers passing, not so very far off but that the passengers could be plainly distinguished in moving black masses upon their decks. At one side was the light-house; not as gigantic as some that fronted directly upon the ocean, but for all that the pride of the village, since its light was of the newest pattern, and a revolver at that. There was almost always a sloop or

schooner at the wharf, loading up with oysters and clams for the city market. There was never a time when there were not small boats flecking the bay, and dredging oysters and clams from the bottom. Moreover, if the stranger happened to have a taste for natural history, he could find, floating below the open timbers of the wharf, jelly-fish and sea-weeds, and here and there a stray medusa. In fine, at almost all times and seasons the end of the wharf was an attractive place—an ever-present and pleasant resort for idleness.

But upon leaving the tavern the Colonel did not, after the usual manner, seek the end of the wharf. A step or two toward it, perhaps; as one who has not fully made up his mind in which direction to loiter, and possibly might not object for the time to be considered a stranger; but after that he turned to the right, and strolled along the street, which, commencing at the shore of the bay, made a faint pretense of following its line, then diverging, wound off toward the interior. This street he pursued, assuming in his gait an air of indifference which somehow his general appearance did not carry out; for, while his advance was slow, it had rather the look of a progress constantly and artificially checked from time to time, than of a careless, purposeless stroll. There was also a shadow of troubled thought upon his face; an uncertain looking forward, as to a bourn which he felt it might not be well to reach; an occasional glance behind, and half-halting for the moment, as though sometimes he were deliberating upon the propriety of a return.

Still, however, he loitered on; and now the sun began to touch the low line of distant marsh along the west, and so gradually sank from sight. For a moment the last bright beams glittered upon the water, and then vanished, leaving new and fast-darkening tints upon the surface. A distant gun was heard—whether the sunset gun of ship or fort could not from thence be told. Then from the light-house burst the first rays of brightness, gradually increasing to a full blaze; at first motionless, and then slowly revolving, as the complex machinery beneath was put into operation. So, little by little, the gloom

of evening began to close in; the houses darkening, gleams of candle-light here and there becoming visible, the more distant houses seeming to recede still further, and the clumps of locust-trees gathering closer into indistinguishable masses.

Somehow this increasing gloom appeared to give courage to the loiterer. It was at least an assurance that he could now go on with less probability of being seen or recognized. Wherever he might now go, it could hardly be observed and commented upon; and if after this evening he were to leave the village forever, there would be few who could know that he had been there. So he now walked on with a more alert step, no longer glancing behind him, but pressing forward until he had turned the upper limits of the village, and following the line of plank pavement inward, saw before him the little group of better residences.

There were eight or ten of these, distinguished, as has been said, by wider-extended grounds, and a more tasteful style of embellishment. These lay spread out upon either side of a short auxiliary street. At the farther end, and crossing the termination of the street, was a somewhat larger house than any of the others, with an elaborate fence in front, and a path winding up to the door. When the Colonel turned into the new street, and saw this house in front of him, he paused again for a moment, as though his courage had once more failed, and again he advanced. More slowly now than ever before, drawing one foot after the other with the utmost resolution, plucking uneasily at the twigs which projected between the pickets along where he walked, and so progressing until he stood within a few feet of the gate. Then once more he stopped, and now for a longer time.

For two or three minutes at the least. Leaning against a wooden post in the line of the street, he gazed up at the house in a contemplative spirit, and from his actions it would have been difficult to judge what he purposed doing. It might be that he had intended to enter the house, and now was only striving to gain resolution to do so; or, on the other

hand, he might be doing all that he had ever intended, and after a season of contemplation, reviving as it were, in secret, some olden and precious memories, might slowly and unheralded depart again. Perhaps, having come so far with the one purpose, his courage might fail him at the end, and he might adopt the other plan. But whatever conclusion he might come to if left to his own inspirations, fate was now taking the matter out of his hands and deciding it for him. For while he stood there and gazed, a dark object leaning over one of the stone gate-posts moved, and a voice exclaimed in a tone of joyful welcome—

“Kun'l Grayling! Kun'l Grayling!”

With that the negro—for a negro it was who spoke—came from behind the post and fully displayed his person. A quaint, old, shambling, shuffling negro—a little bent over—his hair somewhat flecked with white, but not immoderately so—having from general appearance rather than from any especial separate trait the look of great age—one of those down-country negroes, in fact, who with consummate ignorance of the science of numbers, and an imagination grown vivid with increase of years, always count themselves up to a hundred or so, and profess to have seen General Washington—and bearing upon his whole person, from top to toe, more surely written than liveries or insignia of any kind could have portrayed, the settled indications of being an old, patriarchal family-servant.

“Kun'l Grayling! Oh, Kun'l Grayling!”

“Hush, Tim! You will be overheard if you speak so loud. You see, I have only run over to see the old place, and to ask—to ask how they all are. Perhaps after that I shall go away again.”

But the caution—if it had seriously been intended as such—had come too late. Already Tim had been overheard; for at that moment his mistress, who had been strolling in front of the house, came to the gate to ascertain with whom he was talking. A mere matter of curiosity, indeed, for Tim was too faithful and well-trusted for any one to be heedful about his acquaintances. Nor, as she looked, did she for the moment observe anything

familiar to her in the tall, heavily-bearded man in the military cap who stood a few feet off; for already the dusk was ripening into full evening, and but little more than the mere outline of his person could be seen. But with him it was far different. Knowing her at once, dusk or darkness had no power to fetter his fuller vision. It seemed as though his eyes could have pierced through more than Egyptian obscurity. Not merely here, but anywhere, he would have singled her out from a thousand others, though nearly two long years had rolled away since he had looked upon her. Those years, indeed, must have changed him more than her—for the campaign toil, and the battle din, and danger, care, anxiety, and responsibility, would make many a stout frame aged before its natural time. She, too, had had her cares and anxieties—but had they not passed away? They may, perhaps, have left their faint shadow behind—their impress of fine lines of thought upon her face; but as he now stood and gazed at her—not having a long time to look, yet able in one moment to photograph her whole picture upon his heart—he could see little change in her from the past. The hair, curling down her neck as of old, was still unthinned in its wavy mass. The eyes were as bright, and with all their natural, pleasant earnestness abounding in them. Her smile was saddened slightly, perhaps, but yet not greatly altered, since never in her gayest moments was it wont to lose something of a chastened, sober expression, nor ever dissolved itself into the full abandonment of reckless glee-someness. The graceful attitude with which she leaned over the gate was the same as ever. Why, these were all there as in the past. She seemed not like one who had endured a painful experience, but rather the young girl, still ignorant of all thought of trouble, past or to come.

So for a moment, and then suddenly she recognized him—knowing him by some slight, careless movement of his body, even as Tim, breaking away in his eagerness from the restraining touch upon his arm, was on the point of springing forward to utter the

name. There was a momentary flush upon her face, and she leaned a little more heavily on the gate, struggling within herself to determine what she had better do. It was all so unanticipated, and so much had happened since the last meeting, and in many things the present encounter seemed so unreal. Then, seeing that he stood revealed, he came forward, and touched the hand extended to him in greeting more from instinct than from thought.

"Come—into the house," she said; and he followed her around the bend of the central grass-plat, with its leafless plants yet bound in straw, and so into the parlor, stepping in through the long piazza windows, as of old. A lamp was dimly burning, shedding a faint glow about the apartment. How natural everything seemed! And now, what could he say to her—now that he would be alone with her? But for the time he was saved this consideration; for close to the table, her eyes bent over her knitting, and her face brought so near to the lamp that occasionally the long steel needles clicked against the glass shade, sat Aunt Priscilla working away as for dear life. At the sound of entering steps, the old lady looked up, peered through her spectacles, and gave vent to a short and apparently meaningless chuckle.

"And so you have come back safe after all, Colonel? And you did not die in prison, as they said you did? Well, well—to be sure! But sit down now, Colonel, and tell us all about the war."

The Colonel obeyed and sat down, while Stella silently took her place in the somewhat darkened corner a few paces off. This was certainly not what he had come for—to recount camp reminiscences to an old lady with her knitting. Perhaps, however, she would leave them before long; and meanwhile how best for her entertainment should he fulfill her demand? Should he speak about the bivouac among the tall pines lighted up by the blazing camp-fires, with the band playing its evening selections, and the soldiers lying around in their chosen resting-places for the night, or gathered in groups to discuss the events and accidents

of the day? Should he tell about the march across arid wastes, with here and there the bridgeless streams to ford, guns sinking deep in the mire, and the road lined with parched and worn-out men, almost disposed in their suffering to remit further effort, and let themselves fall into the pursuing enemy's hands? Should he describe the battle-line pouring forth its fires from one end of the field to the other, the ground shaking with the rush of cavalry, and the air filled with the groans of wounded men, heard at times above the roar of artillery? Or the prison palisades, begirt with haggard, homesick men, clutching their rags tighter around their emaciated bodies, and looking longingly across the open country to the wood beyond, where might be found help from willing black hands, if only the intervening space of ditch and watchful sentinels could be passed? Or the triumphant march, repaying all previous suffering, into the captured town; the bands playing gaily, and here and there some beautiful face, born to create love, looking down with scornful glance of hatred from a half-opened window?

But he was spared any choice of these subjects, for Aunt Priscilla happened to be one of those who love too much to hear themselves talk. Moreover she had gained a certain smattering of the politics of the day, which had given her a few crude ideas that she was very fond of displaying; and therefore she had asked the Colonel to tell her about the war, merely as a necessary formal introduction to her own remarks. So as he sat and for the moment deliberated upon what he had best tell her, she saved him the trouble, and plunged at once into the middle of the politics of the country; leaving him to remain in silence, and look about him, more and more abstracting himself from the droning sound of her voice, as he fastened his gaze upon all the old, familiar objects.

How familiar, indeed! The same furniture and pictures as before, almost disposed in the same positions and lights: was it really true, that long intervening period, or was it all a dream? Over the music-stand was a

little picture painted by himself—a water-color sketch, a product of his boyish enthusiasm for art—not a well-finished piece by any means, as he was now aware. In it he had attempted to delineate the most salient features of a little nook upon the coast, where Stella and he had had many an impromptu picnic. She had then hung up the drawing with more commendations by far than it deserved, and had said that it should never be removed from that place. Had it there remained during all her late trouble? If so, had it been in consequence of any lasting sentiment for himself, or merely because the authorship of the piece had been forgotten or disregarded, and it had been left to fill a place upon the wall, like any other comparatively unnoticed picture? Or, during the past year had it been prudently removed to some more obscure place; and afterward, when it could be loyally done, been brought back again? The latter supposition he hoped was true, for then it would show better in his favor. But why should he speculate thus upon a little picture, when before him was the better picture of herself, which, if he could only get the chance, he might consult, and which so much the more truly and surely might tell him all he—

"So that you see, Colonel, that if the President had only promulgated the Wilmot Proviso, we might have—"

"To be sure, madam—to be sure," he hurriedly responded, awakened to the actual present by the glare of the spectacles, turned upon him with a partial spirit of inquiry. "The Wilmot Proviso was the very thing, of course."

Then relapsing, while Aunt Priscilla creaked slowly onward, like an overloaded stage-coach upon a sandy country road, he gazed longingly toward Stella, seated in the corner, but doing nothing; her face half hidden in the hollow of her hand, as she remained in deep reflection, almost as abstracted as himself from all outward view or sound. And, forgetting that perhaps his scrutiny should be confined to a passing glance, in that growing spirit of revery and thought he suffered his eyes to rest steadily upon her for many

minutes. Yes; she, too, seemed the same as ever. He could see that time or cruel fortune had little altered her. Only upon closer gaze there seemed a subdued and saddened shade upon her face. Could that shadow ever be removed? Or was it there now firmly fixed, the lasting record of her one great trouble, and of the suffering springing from it? Why might he not be allowed for one moment to tell her how he had mourned when he heard that she was about to be lost to him; and how, though he might not exactly have sought for death, he had become for the while more reckless of his life? And then again, he doubted whether, even if he had the opportunity, he could venture to speak to her about the past. Not alone that it might be demanding confidences which he had no longer the right to ask, but that there was really so little she could tell which would be new to him. Surely he must already know most of it; and that which had not been told him he could guess. The contemplated marriage, not forced upon her, but still urged at a time when her mind was weakened by long-continued doubt and tribulation, and could not assert itself as it ought; the continual struggle to give that loyal love which she had promised, and the inward wail of the wretched soul, as day after day she feared that the struggle must be all in vain; the not unreasonable hope that the never-failing kindness lavished upon her might, perhaps, in the end win her to be contented with her destined lot; the sudden, unlooked-for relief, more bitter to her, possibly, than all the rest—since, do what she would, all her tears, and prayers, and self-accusations could not lift from her tender conscience the terrible perception that she felt it as an escape, rather than as a misfortune; her loneliness, uncheered by any relation in whom she could confide for active sympathy, so unnaturally desolate had she been left; the frequent journeys away to gain repose through outward excitement, and the quick return as she found not that repose, but rather was drawn back to the fount of early association, her native homestead—all this he knew: or, where he knew it not, could not now ask, lest—

"And therefore, Colonel Grayling, if at the time of the Missouri Compromise —"

"Of course—of course, my dear madam. Undoubtedly then was the time to have arranged the trouble."

Then he arose and prepared to take his departure. His hope, that after a suitable series of historical and political comments Aunt Priscilla would graciously leave Stella and himself alone, was evidently misplaced. There seemed no release that evening, at least, from the infliction of her presence, and the hour was wearing on apace. He felt a cruel perception that his visit was proving a failure. What he had exactly anticipated from it, beyond a transient exploration to ascertain with what feeling he might still be regarded, he could scarcely tell. Certainly it had been far from his thoughts to talk over the philosophy of the war in front of an old lady with knitting-needles. He had seen Stella, it was true; but he had been able to say nothing to her of that which he had wished to say. He began to doubt whether, even with opportunity, he should ever muster the courage to do so; or whether, if the opportunity and the courage came, Stella would let him go on, and hear him to the end. There was as yet no token held forth to prove that she had not let him fall completely from her heart, and now ranked him only as a somewhat valued friend, whose presence had ever been pleasant to her; nothing to tell him that he might venture to come again, or whether, on the contrary, this visit must be his last. It was something in the nature of a mere chance that had ever given him this interview. Most bitter conjecture of all, it might well be that the rambling words of Aunt Priscilla had been uttered with the deliberate purpose of preventing closer conversation with Stella, and in that way indirectly letting him understand that all was over between them; and that the silent and apathetic languor of inattention in which Stella had appeared immersed had after all been the studied expression of her willing consent to that cruel intimation.

Slowly, lingeringly, he prepared to depart. Reaching the door, he saw that Stella alone

had arisen to accompany him. Aunt Priscilla had again sunk back into her chair, and was once more clicking her knitting-needles against the lamp-shade. For the instant the Colonel felt exceedingly disheartened, and he saw nothing before him except to make his quiet leave-taking, with the understanding that this must be the end not only of all his hopes, but even of the past pleasant intimacy. But while fortune favors the brave, she sometimes does a little for the timid. At the angle of the hall-door, the corner of the hat-stand shut out a portion of the light, and he found himself alone with Stella and in partial obscurity. Possibly the despair of parting gave him the first impulse of unexpected courage, but certainly the dimness of the light assisted him in it. Before he was well aware what he was about, and certainly to his own surprise, he found himself taking Stella by the hand—one hand, both hands, in his own—and gazing very inquiringly into her face. For a moment she stood unresisting, her eyes lowered, and with a deep flush. Then, lifting her timid glance again, she faintly struggled as though to withdraw her hands from his grasp; so faintly, indeed, that he felt encouraged to retain his clasp, still wondering a little at his own assurance, and perhaps secretly somewhat pleased at it. What kindly expression he then read in her eyes to induce him to persevere he might scarcely be able accurately to define: it may be that he read nothing there at all, but was listening to the prompting of his own eager spirit, urging him to say something to the point, before it became too late. It was after all not a very elaborate speech, consisting merely of the repetition of her name, in an inquiring tone.

"Stella?"

"They deceived me, Allan. They told me that you had died in prison."

"I know. And I suppose they really thought so. But you see that it was not the case. And so, Stella," and with new courage he passed his arm around her, and drew her closer to him, "since you are now free again, it seems as though the time has come when you might listen to me, and treat the months

just passed as an idle dream, and all that. And I do not see why we should not put ourselves back to where we were two years ago, when we might have understood ourselves so much better if we had only looked a little deeper into ourselves. And therefore —”

“No, no, Allen, you must not speak any further in that way. It cannot, it must not be—that is, as yet.”

The words of limitation fell from her lips ingenuously and unguardedly. Possibly she might have wished, the instant after, to have recalled them; but after all it was best as it was. There was nothing that she could have better said to lay open the whole position of affairs. The Colonel understood it so, and immediately felt his heart quite at rest. He rightly looked upon it as no repulse to his plea, but rather as her unwitting confession of assent. He must not as yet speak about love—so he interpreted her words. Not at this first interview, certainly, when her heart was so bewildered

with the sudden surprise of seeing him, and when she could not comprehend, perhaps, what answer she ought really to make, or how to clothe it in proper terms. Not now, at having seen him only this once—and so give a suspicion to the ever-watchful world around her, that she must have carried her regard for him locked up in her secret heart of hearts through all the past months of trial, ready to leap forth at the very first appeal. Rather should they wait a little longer; so that it might seem as though from his continued presence a newer love had been suffered to grow up. Then, perhaps—

“Enough, Stella. I will not press you for an answer now. But to-morrow—well, to-morrow I will come back again.”

He strained her once more to his heart; and then, aware that he had not been very eloquent in his avowal, but all the same well satisfied with the result, slipped away into the garden, and thence into the high road, and so became lost to her sight.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## THE INDIAN PROBLEM—MR. SCHURZ REVIEWED.

This article had, in the main, been prepared for the press when the *North American Review* for July was issued. In that an article on the same question appeared from Hon. Carl Schurz. From the superior advantages derived in the Interior Department during the Hayes administration, not less than from the known ability of the author as writer and statesman, his review of the subject is opportune and valuable. Four years of intimate relation and practical experience with the present status of the Indians have given him both ample opportunity and exhaustive knowledge of the facts of Indian life within the territory of the United States. But while we would approach a review of a paper from so prominent a statesman with hesitancy, resulting from admiration of the genius dis-

played in the victories of a remarkable life, the magnitude and importance of this question should be a license, even in a forum of taste, for the free expression of the opinions of every American citizen.

To a certain extent we think Mr. Schurz's theory, in substance, a correct solution of the problem. To devote the affections and attach the interests of the Indian to the soil, by granting him fee-simple estates in severalty, is the first general step in his advancement. Yet there are grave considerations opposed to placing him at once in the midst of the whites, unprepared as he is to contend with them in the arena of their own civilization. That he has shown the natural capability of embracing a higher standard of life, as cited by Mr. Schurz in the examples

of the educational institutions at Carlisle, Hampton, and Forest Grove, establishes only that abstract fact. When, however, those instances are relied upon to sustain his theory that Indians would as readily embrace and adopt the methods of life of the whites, when settled in severality among them, we think the proofs signally fail. We must not overlook the conditions environing those pupils, of fostering care, of the guidance and guardianship that is the proper purpose of those institutions; nor fail to compare that with the condition of less-protected Indians, struggling for subsistence among the clashings and strife of more-educated whites, with many of whom to win bread is the sum of victory. Under Mr. Schurz's system he would have no guardian to lead him, no hand whose sole purpose would be to protect and direct, no superior wisdom to think and plan. He would find himself thrown into a contest, ignorant of its conditions and methods, and powerless to comprehend its intricacies. It would present to him a mystery of mysteries. He would cease to struggle, accept the inevitable, and fail. The imposing presence of civilization would be too much for him at once to grasp; instead of stimulating, it would paralyze his powers. Such has been the fate of the few left in Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, and Alabama, when their tribes were carried to the Indian Territory. They made miserable failures in the midst of the whites, and the only remnants left of them are in the everglades of Florida, hid from contact with civilization. The trouble consisted in too much being demanded of them at once. The condition in which they found themselves demanded that they lay aside barbarism and take up civilization, as one coat is laid aside and another put on. The bow and arrow, the war-hatchet and war-paint, the love of revenge, the thirst for blood, the chase, wife-slavery, and all the habits and traditions of ages, must be laid aside, and at once. They must as readily adopt civilized life; one bound was to take them from one extreme to another; each must skip an era, an age, in natural process; must, by his own will, like the fisherman's genius, transform his life, his character, his thoughts, from shad-

ow and smoke to a well-proportioned individuality. It was impossible. Nature never permits such things. And so it would be with the Indians under Mr. Schurz's remedy. They would be swallowed up, annihilated in the contest, for which they are unprepared and from which there would be no escape. Their fate would be scarcely less cruel and inevitable than that of the gladiators, who were sent into the arena without armor or weapon, to be slain in an unequal contest with the armored and armed Roman emperor. Mr. Schurz establishes the existence of power in the Indian, capable of receiving civilization, but at the same time admits the weakness of his remedy by the confession that even their ablest men, as Chief Ouray, are unable at present to cope with the whites. While the Government may protect them on the reservations, even surrounded by whites, it could not in the same way protect them when mingled with whites, holding lands as they, and otherwise bearing the same relation to the common social organization, which they were entering. Such a special protectorate of individuals would not only be a hurtful practice for Government, but would defeat its own object. To apportion the lands in severality to the Indians, and admit the whites to purchase of all reservation lands not actually occupied by the Indians, would be as fatal to the Indians as if sent into the heart of Ohio and dispersed to do as they could. To feed, foster, educate, and protect them, requires that special attention and care which demands reservation of the territory, so that they may learn the ways of civilized life, uncrushed by its power in an unequal contest.

The Indian question has ceased to be one of special importance to the soldier, and is relegated to the consideration of the statesman. The scattered fragments of once-powerful tribes, unemboldened by numbers and with their wild spirits broken, are lounging around reservations, trying to learn to become citizens by first being paupers; or awaiting that death that inevitably follows ignorance and indolence. The days of Minnehahas and Leeluenas, of Osceolas and Tecumsehs, of Captain Jacks and Cachises, of the heroic and

poetic in fact and dream, have passed away forever. The problem now is, How shall we deal with a broken, scattered, whipped, dirty, brutal, ignorant, and semi-vicious race; a race whose record places them low in the scale of mankind; a race that would fight now because blood-thirsty; that is at peace because cowardly; that, from choice or natural inaptitude, but slowly adopts civilized methods, even under the most favorable circumstances?

But be their faults and defects what they may, we have them, and must do something with them. There is no appreciable difference, in the consideration of this question, between the motives, purposes, means, and methods of the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the political economist. From each stand-point all roads lead to the same conclusion; for, consider it in the interest of the Indian, of an unfeeling mathematical solution, or from considerations of public economy both for the near and the distant future, the solution seems to lie in the same general remedy. Though armed resistance against the ever-pressing and inevitable tide of white encroachment, each year drawing closer the cordon of invidious life-methods, is ended, the Indian question is almost as far from a successful and permanent solution as it was twenty years ago. The death of Captain Jack and Cachise, the defeat and overthrow of Sitting Bull and Victoria, (the last brave heroes of a barbaric race) but mark the era of a new method of dealing with this question. So far from being its solution, it environs the Government with responsibilities greater and more delicate than ever before. It is now not to deal with an enemy in the field, but to discharge a guardianship; to protect an ignorant, thriftless, defenseless people, and lead them from the darkness of barbarism to the light of civilization: a task far more difficult than to kill them. It is the difference between the methods of the bayonet and the plowshare—the power to tear down, and the art to build up.

We need not regret the repression necessary to deal with barbarism, or recall the old abstractions concerning original domain.

These questions have been settled by the process of natural laws. It is a useless waste of time to consider, in this practical age, as living elements in human affairs, any event or policy settled by those natural processes that constitute the "destiny" of mankind—the inevitable of the world. "America for the Americans" is not only the shibboleth of the demagogue, but as well the certain voice of nature. Not only America, but the rich and fruitful places of earth, all belong, by the laws of human life, to those who can use and hold them. When Pluribustah gave Liberty his reason for enslaving Cuffee—"He has no right and no business to be a nigger"—he spoke the doctrine of natural laws as practiced by mankind, and crystallized the philosophy of America's Indian policy for the last two hundred years. While we do not subscribe to the morality of the doctrine, we recognize that life is too short to quarrel with the inevitable, or live in castles builded upon abstractions. From the dawn of recorded time this selfish doctrine has robed Might in the raiment of Right. The powerful have always indulged in the luxury of refuting pure morality with man's decrees, even to the extent of forcing the weak to go to heaven a particular way, and often try to justify it by sophistry that the blunted intelligence of a Digger Indian could penetrate.

Almost all the acts of the Government at Washington, in Indian affairs, except alone those of actual hostility, have been under the express declaration of consideration for the Indian; which he has been, in his weakness, forced to assent to, and appear to believe, though he knew them to be arrant falsehoods. Always coming—always invading, pushing, encroaching; advancing under the strong arm of power—the significance of this white tide has been understood by the Indians, and they have fought it until the flower of savage heroism bleaches the expanses of a thousand lilded plains. They have simply done as other people in the face of aggressive foes, whose methods of life were separated too widely for willing assimilation.

This phase of the contest is passed. Small bands of desperadoes may here and there

break out, but such will be only the spasmodic efforts of a doomed people—the last surge of the waves in a dying storm—the last whistle of the subsiding winds. There is no autonomy left among them; tribes are decimated and broken, not only in spirit, but, in most instances, in tribal relations; and often fragments of several tribes are found on one small reservation. On the White Mountain reservation in Arizona are Aravapais, Chilicons, Chirikahwas, Kioteros, Mienbres, Magollons, Mohaves, Pinals, Tontos, and Yuma Apaches. On Hoopa Valley Reservation are Hunsatungs, Hupas, Klamath Rivers, Mis-kuts, Redwoods, Saiazs, Sermaltons, and Tishtanatans. The former reservation contains three thousand nine hundred and fifty square miles, the latter one hundred and forty. From British America, down the mountain ranges, through all the Territories, are scattered these small reservations, upon which the fragments of tribes are penned in. There they live, mostly in a state of vagabondage, upon the bounty of a Government whose hand wrought their downfall, and which feeds them more from a shame that they should starve, than from all other considerations combined.

The present Indian system, stripped of fancy and bombast, is to set apart by executive order a tract of land for a reservation, and appoint an Agent to reside somewhere thereon, who is invested with power to protect, feed, and look after the Indians. He is the governmental representative, to whom is intrusted the duty of discharging such treaty obligations as the Government may be under. He receives and issues the supplies, and has general control over everything done on the reservation. These agencies are generally in the heart of the reservations, and far removed from civilization. Here, almost alone, with his band of Indians, the Agent is supposed to labor to comfort them for the loss of the free life of the plains; and if their reports are to be taken as true, the cause of Christ and civilization is either flourishing or just about to bloom, while the Indians are tractable and progressing. One remarkable feature of all these reports is the fact that,

if they had been written for the purpose of retaining positions, they are masterpieces. Every one knows that ordinary human nature would not go into those wilds and repulsive associations for health or pleasure; and unless Indian Agents are of a superior material, they must be held to this truism. Coupling this with the fact—the fact well-known to the average American—that but few posts on this earth admit of so many chances and such latitude for peculation, and we may have an explanation why so much heart-ache for the welfare of the Indian, is expressed by agents in their reports. The temptation to feed the wards on damaged supplies at short weight is stimulated by two considerations. First, the Indian has probably never had better, and oftentimes worse; second, the vouchers can be as easily returned, covering a more liberal supply of "creature comforts." Far from the prying eyes of an interested, intelligent population; dealing with those who neither read nor write, whose ignorance and poverty tie both hands and tongue when they would right the wrong by appeals to the Government; this temptation becomes too strong for poor, frail humanity—especially that portion that believes in original depravity and falling from grace. The writer has twice heard an Indian Agent pray, and was each time impressed by the prominence given by the petitioner to the frailty of human nature when subjected to the temptations of this wicked world; and he wondered by what singular psychological process that particular idea of all others weighed so heavily upon him.

It is practically impossible to prevent peculations in the management of these reservations. From the nature of the employment the Agents are generally men of such mental caliber as to be unable to make a living in the competition of industries, and of such flexible morals as to believe there is such a thing extant as a "legitimate steal," and hence believe its application to themselves as their due for their banishment from civilization. With all the appliances and favorable conditions afforded by such positions, it is not a difficult matter to receipt contractors for beef-cattle weighing 400 pounds at 800

pounds, and cover up the speculative tracks by issuing beef rations short, till the issuance covers the deficit. A lively appreciation of future turns in the same way keeps up a first-class code of honor among thieves.

Insufficient food has played a part in the affairs of the world more than once; and while high living conduces to the gout, even among people for a hundred generations accustomed to it, nothing can be plainer to the acute mind of the scientific Agent than that a lower grade of food is necessary to prevent the prevalence of gout among the Indians, and their advancement toward civilization be thereby materially retarded. Besides, the culture of the brain has been supposed to be stimulated by a very simple and moderate diet. Such has been taught at our boarding-schools, where the idea is traced back to the poet who cultivated Roman verses on a little oatmeal. And if we needed any further proof of its wisdom, and the peculiar benefits to be derived therefrom, the example of Mr. Squeers at Dotheboys Hall, places the question outside of the debatable, and elevates the abstemious system of the Agent into the shining guild of philanthropy. It has been urged, and may hereafter be mentioned by the mendacious, that the Government should not pay for full rations when not received by the Indian. Here again the logic and humanity of the Agent is seen. It would be a source of great pain and uneasiness to many individuals in the East, who have the welfare of the Indian at heart, and who believe implicitly in the reservation system, to know that short rations were being issued to the nation's wards. The sleepless nights and visions of their grandmothers that a conscience remorseful for a nation's failures would visit upon them, is happily saved by the reports of the Agents, who wisely conclude that these things are too long to explain to a public not posted on Indian affairs; and hence they crown the good work with just such reports as will make agreeable reading by the Eastern fireside, and which will instill into the minds of the rising generation reverence for a generous Government, and a desire to emulate the

noble work of those who suffer the privations of frontier life for the benighted savage.

We can scarcely overestimate the loss of time and money, and delay to enterprise, caused by the obstruction of reservations, and the settling of bands of Indians along the frontier. Whenever on the two frontiers, of Eastern industry pushing westward, and Pacific industry pushing eastward, any enterprise is originated, it often finds an impediment in some phase of the Indian question. If a railroad, its most natural route is blocked by a reservation; if a wilderness to explore, a band of Indians interposes with the fear, often well-founded, of the frailty of treaty regulations. These obstructions demand at once of the originators of those enterprises an abandonment, or their removal. To effect the latter over the opposition of Agents, (and such opposition will generally be met) by a prosecution through the departments, hedged by red tape as they are, involves a loss of time that may be often fatal to the enterprise. Besides, it is expensive, and as the relief rests at last in the peculiar views held by the head of the Indian Department, and after all the expense, delay, and labor, the opportunity of usefulness and profit may be lost.

Yet with all this, the Indian is giving way; his rights exist more in name than in substance or observance; while the reservations are being reduced, shifted, and opened up. As the conditions of the contest will remain much the same, it is not difficult to see that this system must end, and that, too, disastrously to the Indians; and—if the past give us a criterion from which to judge—without his having received any permanent benefit. If enterprise is to be impeded, some benefits should go to the Indian. If our purposes are to develop and better him, we should adopt any other system sooner than the one we have. The herding of bands of Indians upon prescribed tracts leaves the impress of captivity upon the red men's natures, while that of feeding them in idleness upon Government's bounty makes them more and more each year thriftless paupers. The American people have had enough bitter

and recent experience of the brutalizing effects of captivity and subjection upon human nature, to have a wholesome fear of any more of it. We take it for granted that the only decent purpose to be entertained in this matter is to so manage the Indian as to relieve legitimate industry from the depression of his opposing presence, as much as may be, and at the same time to environ him with such conditions as will in every way stimulate him to adopt the ways of industrious civilization. The writer has seen the Indian in his life on the reservation, and has been unable to discover more than one good result likely to flow from the system, and that a temporary one. It gives him employment so far as his appetite for eating goes, and with the government ration removes from him the incentive to murder and pillage that hunger gives man in a savage state. But for cultivating those arts and methods of life that will remove the cause of the trouble—his savagery—it is a dismal failure. It is no wiser than the policy of the physician who administers only narcotics to the patient who is suffering from gangrene. Though savage, and ignorant of many of the motives and sentiments so well-understood in men of advanced culture, he has still that quality of a common humanity that feels a sense of humiliation and degradation at being penned upon reservations like so many cattle. And that sentiment will forever keep him back. It hampers efforts in the strong, it palsies them in the weak. It takes from him the senses of individual importance and self-confidence, both of which are absolutely necessary to his success. With such a system thrown around him, extermination is his lot. Were he stronger in moral and intellectual powers, he would find it scarcely possible to rise above them. Weak as he is, powerless as his hands are, the work of extermination will be rapid and inevitable.

While his tenacity to the bloody traditions of his people are strong, it is the strength of ignorance that knows no better, being the resultant of education and congenital defects. He may be made a factor in American life. Not a high or very important one; not one

that in the near or distant future can rival the white man in arts and sciences, but one valuable in a humble way. It may, and doubtless would, under favorable auspices, require many generations of attrition with civilization to bring him up to that standard in the industrial scale, to that individual importance in the economy of the nation, that is to-day held by the negro. He has adopted some of our customs; why not the rest? He has learned the use of the gun; why not that of the plow? That it will require time, those who even faintly comprehend the science of human progress will not deny, nor will they be disappointed and despondent when he plods slowly along the weary, ascending hill. If left upon the reservations, time will be wasted, opportunities squandered, and each year close its cycle with the problem no nearer successful solution than before. If nearer a solution, it will be alone because nearer in point of time when the surplus population of the Atlantic and Pacific States shall meet in an inevitable impact, and crush him out forever.

To talk of treaty rights for so defenseless a people is to commit a folly: they bind duplicity with a rope of sand. To believe that any treaty can devote a section of country to a few Indians, and that future Congresses, filled with the representatives of a constituency demanding those lands for themselves and their children, will forever respect that devotion of soil, is to fly in the face of human avarice and history—especially American history on the Indian question. It is a cardinal fact of human relations, that the only protection the weak have against the strong, under such circumstances, is to assimilate in methods of life. They must have common purposes, common hopes, and common aspirations; they must have the same kindred or co-ordinate industries; and, in fine, so adapt themselves to the strong, that they prevent those jars and conflicts of antagonistic elements which the strong will never fear or shun. Thence it follows that the only tenure of soil by which the Indian can perpetuate his race must be that which will enable him to assimilate its uses to that of white civilization.

How often it is said on the frontier to-day, when valuable minerals are discovered on a reservation, "If the Indian could or would use them, it would be all right to protect him; but it is an outrage to permit him to play dog-in-the-manger with them." And in the spirit of selfish acquisition that has always characterized man, and to the greeds and wrongs of which we largely owe our present wealth and greatness, it is a correct enunciation of men's ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. To say the least, right or wrong, it is folly to quarrel with it: better not make its opposition a life-mission. The destiny of a nation, so far as human power is concerned, is inevitable. Individuals, to say the most, even when great, only hasten, retard, or in a sense shape what nature, in obedience to her own rules, has already destined. Great men, by fortuitous conditions, are assigned the function of applying the match to the magazine of combustibles, already prepared by the antecedents of their people, and which if not performed by them would be by others; for nature always raises up fit instruments for her work. The Rubicon of Roman downfall would have been crossed had Caesar fallen in Gaul; and the Empire, by virtue of the forces of reaction, would have risen on the ruins of the Reign of Terror had Napoleon died while teething at Ajaccio. It is but another name for Necessity, in its remorseless march. Caught in the automatic state of reservation life—widely separated—for the most part degenerated by pauperism—untaught in the tastes that would render assimilation in contact possible, in a destiny of impending contest with whites drawing closer, cruelly closer—no fate seems probable for them save that of being ground to powder, annihilated, between the mill-stones.

It may be urged that the safety of the whites demands the reservation system, thus parcelling the Indians into small bands patrolled by troops. In reply it may be safely stated that no condition would so stir to life a desire to get free; and to get free means to take the war-path. The reservations are generally large enough, and of that peculiar character to arouse this desire. But few of

them are adapted to industries the Indians are capable of pursuing. Too remote from the example of scientific labor; hemmed in by the solitudes of nature; ruled by Agents, too often utterly incompetent; with no tenure in the soil, but having only a use in the few spots of good land; covered by the shadows of executive orders, ill-defined, and subject at any time to change—they have not a single incentive to permanent industry and improvement. The incentives claimed by the friends of the system are such transparent humbugs as to make even the savage smile. Wastes of sage-brush, cactus, and alkali; barren, sun-scorched rocks; mountain ranges; places where scarcely a raven or coyote can find subsistence; where the mule-rabbit has to exert himself for a bare subsistence—constitute the chief characteristics of most of the reservations. The valleys of which we read in the sophomoric reports of Agents, whose fertile imaginations stretch them away for miles, blooming in virgin verdure, upon which herds in numbers graze and fatten, are mostly narrow, untilable gorges, not large enough for grazing, and if tillable, so in such homoeopathic proportions as render success, under the most fortunate conditions, highly problematic. Such are the Elysiums of the Agents' reports under the lens of reality. Could the Eastern enthusiast on Indian affairs, after reading of the Happy Valleys in the heart of the great mountain chains, quit his cosy fireside, and lay aside the dream for a view of the reality, he would forevermore be a skeptic. The smiling valley would become a narrowed waste of yellow *socation*; the genial landscape would bristle with cactus; the laughing river would shrink to a muddy, sluggish branch; while the whistling birds would give place to the croaking raven; and a sun-scorched, blistered chain of volcanic rocks rear around their eternal cordon, saying with their Sphinx voice, "There is no change."

Under such conditions the Indian cannot really advance in permanent civilization. Why he cares nothing to erect comfortable houses and prepare fields, is found in the uncertainty as to whether he will be permitted

to enjoy them. The labor of years—in the event of his desire to have a decent home—of love and care, may be swept away at any hour, without so much as observing, "By your leave." It may be laid down as a fundamental maxim, that no people can advance without homes. As agriculture furnishes the first arena for action in the progress from barbarism to civilization, the two conditions of land fitted for that industry, and of sufficient tenure therein, become imperative. Human advancement is marked by the appearance of the homes of people more than by any one other thing. Churches are but incidents. Cemeteries speak louder than they. Regard for death and the memories it entombs proclaims regard for achievements in life, and tells the story of emulation in a generous contest for a higher existence, that belong to the rising people. The "*vermis sum*" of the church may not indicate progress. It walks with, but does not create its comrade. It may polish and round off, but never is of the essence. Faith never made a people. It may under certain conditions arouse to even the sharpest activity the manhood that has existed dormant perhaps for centuries. It conserved for the purposes of temporal empire the restless manhood of Arab and Copt under Mohammedanism; it aroused feudal Europe to the Crusades. But in the ways of peace—the ways that lead to the plow, reaper, hammers the engine, or chains the lightnings—skepticism, the spirit that does not believe in the dogma of "*vermis sum*," the restlessness that says to itself, "Not in eternity alone, but here on earth as well, shall be my kingdom," becomes the motive power of progress. To work well and quickly this spirit must have the tools and the material at hand. In the case of the Indians, agriculture must come first; the plow must be his first implement. Husbandry grows up as the first fruit of progress. It follows upon the heels of the last stage of barbarism—that of the grazing nomad. From the earliest days of which we have any account, the aspirations of men for a higher life sought it in the soil. Agriculture gave plenty at home, and opened

the avenues of commerce and manufacture. The fruits of the earth, corn, oil, and wine, were the first factors of commerce. What is true of the early days of the world is true of each nation. They all began at the same rung of the ladder. Those who came first had to grope in darkness from rung to rung. Their story became light to those who followed. The Indian is no exception to the destiny of all people. In this dawn of his progress he must begin to climb from the bottom. The way through agriculture to mechanics and the higher and ornamental arts and sciences is for him lighted by experience. The child of the most favored genius must ineffect pass the same way. Not through the rudiments of dawning civilization, but through the grand elementary principles that form the basis. Before the sails of commerce bent their folds to the winds of the English Channel, yellow grain-fields smiled in Kent and filled the granaries on the banks of the Thames.

To wisely administer the Indian Department, the conditions for successfully adapting this first industry should be presented in manner and method most conducive. Give him the soil that will yield fruits for his efforts, and in its rich sheaves prove the wisdom of his new life. None but visionaries and Indian Agents believe it possible to grow wheat, corn, and potatoes among sun-bleached rocks and on cactus barrens. We read of the swarms of northern Europe pouring across the Rhine to plunder the rich cities dotting the fertile and sunny plains of southern Europe, and finding them good remained and founded empires. Southern Europe, rich in natural agricultural resources, grew rich, and profligate because of the plenitude of wealth, while north of the Rhine was too poor to be known. Thus was demonstrated the advantage of favoring conditions, in the progress of development, on the grandest scale of which history gives account.

While some Indian bands occupy fertile sections sufficiently watered and extensive to enable them to rear everything necessary to sustain life and further their development, for the most part the reservations upon which

they are herded are entirely unfitted for agriculture. And it matters not in what other respects they are rich, such resources cannot be utilized by their unskilled labor. For instance, the White Mountain Reservation, in Arizona, covers a vast district of 3,950 square miles, or 2,528,000 acres, which is held for the benefit of 4,878 Indians. This gives to each Indian man, woman, and child, 518.20 acres. If the soil, or even one-fifth of it, were good for anything for which the Indians could use it, this would constitute a handsome patrimony. But it would not be much, if any, under a correct estimate to put the agricultural land in this vast area at 5,000 acres. The remainder is hills, mountains, cañons, and barren *mesas*. In the mountains is untold mineral wealth, but so far as its benefits to them are concerned it had as well not be. The Indian is not a miner, and never will be. He must be educated for years before he can enter this field. What folly then to keep this country for the benefit of the 4,878 Indians, when it is not of the character they can use; while other and appropriate lands can be given them, in the use of which they can make plenty, become satisfied with peaceful methods of life, and learn how to prepare themselves for a civilized and competent existence. When they cannot use the boundless resources of copper, silver, gold, and coal on the reservation, and when other qualities of the reservation are not sufficiently favorable to their welfare and advancement as to outweigh the other considerations aroused by the demands of enterprise, the reservation ceases to be a wise devotion of the land, and should be set aside. If, as Mr. Schurz suggests, the reservations were to be conveyed in severalty to the Indians, which under proper conditions is advisable, what could the Apaches of the White Mountain Reservation do with their land? Not more than one-tenth of them would have water on their portions, and hence grazing as well as agriculture would be impossible. They could then only sell the tracts in their unimproved condition, and if it should occur that from peculiar circumstances any one holder should

realize a fortune in the sale, what would he do with it? Because powerless to protect himself, he would become the prey of sharpers and swindlers, and in two years would be as poor and miserable in fortune as before.

The true solution of the trouble is to remove all the Indians occupying reservations not purely agricultural, wherever found, to some section where lands of that character may be had, and then vest in each one title in fee simple to such sized tracts as may be necessary to enable them to pursue agriculture successfully. To protect them in their ignorance, in their possession, until such a time as will reasonably enable them to make homes and become attached to them as an inducement not to alien them, inhibit sales for twenty or twenty-five years. Nothing gives man a better sense or conception of his own importance, or more surely lays the basis of good citizenship, than ownership of land. It localizes his interests and attachments, while every effort remains as an accretion for future use or comfort. It gives that independence that perfects manhood, and strengthens the character, while it generates love of peace both as a sentiment and a precaution of interest.

There are in the United States 240,136 Indians. Of this number 76,585 are in the Indian Territory, and of these 59,187 belong to civilized tribes. In the settled and agricultural States of Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, and New York are 22,517 more. This leaves 141,034 in the sparsely-settled States and Territories, exclusive of the Indian Territory. Of these it may be safely assumed that 10,000 are settled on agricultural lands, and are doing as well as could be expected. These it would not be advisable to move, or in any wise molest. They, as well as the 22,517 in the above-mentioned States, having begun to practice the arts of civilization, should be given lands in severalty fee simple where they are, and otherwise aided in developing themselves as may be advisable in each particular instance. The 131,034 left from this estimate as unprovided with agricultural lands, should have that necessity supplied, and the reservations which are

mostly valuable for mining opened for skillful labor to render fruitful.

The Indian Territory furnishes the best lands, in large quantities, and best adapted to the use of these Indians. In almost every light in which it may be viewed, this is the most favorable country for them. This country is a natural water-shed, traversed by numerous streams, which, with a generous and uniform rainfall, fructify and grow to splendid perfection one-third of the vegetables of prime use to man. Its eastern and middle portion is covered with a splendid growth of forests upon a soil of great and durable richness, while to the westward stretch the same rolling prairies of north-west Texas and Kansas, upon which innumerable herds can be grown and fattened for market upon the products of untilled virgin soil, and which will some day wave in ripening wheat like a billowy sea. The genial seed-time and fruit-time meet the gulf winds, warming vegetation to life and richness; while the winter winds from the north-west bring cold, not to freeze and destroy, but to harden animal tissues, and thoroughly repair the laxity of summer. In the numerous streams are teeming supplies of trout, bream, perch, jack, pike, cat and buffalo fish; while their waters idly await, with amplest facilities, the day when the factory will chain them to its wheel, and the hum of mechanical industry break upon the almost virgin solitudes. In the forests abound deer, hogs, turkey, and other smaller game; while the bison, fleeing before the impetuous march of Saxons, have gathered on her western plains, as if to say to the Indian: "We knew you first; we come to you in the twilight of our race."

In this Territory at present are 76,585 Indians, of which number 59,187 are called civilized. They are far advanced, and each year are making rapid strides toward a high and successful state of industry and education. These for the most part occupy the eastern portion of the Territory, along the head waters of the Wichita and Red Rivers. Those tribes colonized there from Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and

Florida, consisting of the Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokees, and Seminoles, have already practically solved the troublesome part of the problem placed before them. Towns have sprung up, school-houses abound, postal routes obtain, and even the newspaper has sprung up, printed in both Indian and English.

Southward lie the rich cotton and wheat fields of northern Texas; northward are the grain plains of Kansas. Here agriculture has kept pace with the restless genius of invention, always keeping before the inhabitants of the Territory the greatness that crowns the advancement of agriculture and mechanics. Touching them on either side are achievements that prick aspiration into its liveliest pace. Indeed, nowhere on the map of North America can be found a land better adapted for their purpose than this. By soil, climate, geographic location—by every consideration—it invites the adoption of civilized methods.

By giving to each his lands in severalty, there would be scarcely any reason to fear troubles among the tribes, or across the border. The troops at present kept stationed at forts along the great chains of the Rockies, from British Columbia to Mexico, would be quite enough to patrol and preserve quiet among them.

It may be objected that it would be too expensive to transfer them from the many distant reservations to the Indian Territory. Let us see. There would be in round numbers 131,000 to thus settle. Taking into consideration all the probable cost of transportation—distance, some more and some less—the numbers of those very remote—the sum necessary to effect this colonization is not so great as to stand in the way of a wise provision for the Indian. When the Cherokees were moved from north Georgia to westward of the Mississippi River, in 1838, it cost \$65,880 to every thousand persons; and at those figures 18,000 Cherokees were colonized in the South-west. That made an expenditure of \$65.88 to the individual. It is remembered that so far back as forty-three years many dangers and troubles attend-

ed such an exodus. Nearly everywhere the country was new, for the most part sparsely settled; roads in precarious condition; broad rivers to cross; morasses and swamps to bridge and causeway; and, in fine, all the trouble incident to the movement of a large body of men, women, and children through a half-wilderness for many hundreds of miles. Taking into consideration the improved methods of transportation, and that transportation of a private character across the open country, necessary to be traversed to reach the Indian Territory from the reservations, is much easier and less laborious and expensive than would be such as taken by the Cherokees in 1838, and we may conclude that \$100 per head would be sufficient to carry every one of the 131,000 Indians safely into the Indian Territory. This makes an aggregate of \$13,100,000; a large sum, but insignificant in comparison with the advantages to be derived. Settled in a land where every inducement to civilizing and civilized pursuits are almost forced upon them, it is not too much to assume that from the first the cost of maintaining them would be decreased by their own labor and industry; until, as in the case of the Cherokees and Choctaws, it would ultimately cease entirely, or become only nominal. It is equally as certain, settled as they are on unproductive reservations, that the cost annually of supporting this 131,000 Indians will be equal, if not larger, than the cost of transporting them to

the new home. And when we consider that this maintenance must go on as long as they remain on these reservations—for generations, if they still are kept there, that there will be no rebate of that annual charge upon the national treasury—a still greater consideration arises in the future of the Indian himself. We see no avenue that he can travel on the reservations that leads to a higher and self-sustaining existence; and it is folly to expect him, uneducated in the arts of life, to wring by his crude efforts a success where skillful labor could but fail. If the development of the Indian into civilized, industrious, self-sustaining citizenship be an element in the problem—a matter desirable to the Government—then the mere temporal cost of this transportation, with its incidents, should not deter action. The opening up for mining purposes of the reservations, with their millions of gold, silver, and coal; the destruction of the annoyances of petty reservations contending with advancing civilization; the saving of the immense sum spent in transporting supplies over long distances by trains; the peculations of Agents and contractors; the future development of the Indian into a self-reliant and competent factor in American industry—all alike go to prove that this is perhaps the plainest and most advantageous of all proposed solutions of the vexed question, What will we do with the Indian?

JAMES WYATT OATES.

### THE PADRE ROMO.

The year of our Lord 1789 puffed away its summer along the bay of Monterey in idle western breeze. The tiny cove of Salinas, even out to where the open ocean flecks the Pinos Point with foam, was smooth and peaceful; its swell shimmered lazily the white, reflected shadows of the adobe walls; the breeze was heavy with sweet odors wafted from the Mission gardens; and as the Padre

Romo gazed thoughtfully across the low wall of the church inclosure, he saw the fragrant air from the distant pinery ruffle the golden lakes of grain to oft-successing waves.

The Padre, I have said, was looking musingly from the door-way of the cathedral. He may have been recalling the incidents of the half-year just passed; for, like the unregenerate of his flock, there were many to give

heed to. This six months, far more than preceding years, had been fraught with eventful interest. The weeks had come and gone with ever-changing variety of incident, busy with watchful cares. The novelty of Californian life, the instruction of his infant flock, the incarnation of Christian precepts in stolid pagan hearts, the smoothing of penitential death-beds, and the pleasing walks and the pleasanter talks with his friend, the Señor Ignacio Duarte, had been but the mile-stones of his industrious existence. There had been much to do, and the Padre had certainly done it. Patient exhortation and pious fervor had planted seeds which now returned a four-fold harvest to the church. Cut off by his vows from the ambitions of the world, the consciousness of these duties faithfully performed was to him more than social gains or honors; the pleasures, the passions and the attachments of the intense Spanish world around him had for him scarcely an enticement. In short, the circumstances of his life had led him to that comfortable feeling of gratified ambition which occasionally rewards the ascetic devotions of the religious enthusiast—that mellow self-satisfaction which follows consciousness of duty thoroughly performed.

The Padre stepped from the door-way, and moved toward the western angle of the building. An irregular vista of low, white houses—the dwellings of his pious charge—lay among the trees at his feet. As he glanced over the scene with a fatherly interest, and noted here and there the industry and activity displayed by his flock in the prosecution of their daily rounds of toil, his eyes lit with a gleam of pleasure, and his thoughts took on an audible expression:

"A fair day for thy fishing, Antonio; but thy prices will yet ruin thy soul! Whither ride you so fast, Bautiste? Oh, thou art reckless—reckless!"

He paused a moment to gaze at two near-approaching figures, and continued:

"And is it thus thou comest to the confessional, Doña Luisa? Thy father shall know of it."

A frown of virtuous indignation furrowed

the forehead of the honest Padre. He turned abruptly, and re-entered the church; and for some moments stood repeating to himself:

"Thy father shall know—"

He stopped; for there was a light step in the bone-paved court-yard, a shadow in the door-way, a rustle of skirts on the threshold of the church, and the young girl entered. With the severe instinct of a Franciscan, the Padre, without a glance at the new-comer, felt a monitory rebuke rise on his tongue. But he remembered that with his present flock the simple exchange of civilities between the youth of his charge was looked upon as nothing worse, at farthest, than a mildly dangerous indiscretion. He therefore hesitated; and finally contented himself with frowning severely upon the intruder.

But the maiden's air, though coquettish, was decidedly innocent of guile. In person she was small, with a tolerably well-filled figure; perhaps a little too full in the waist, and possibly long in limb. She had a quantity of blue-black hair, a slightly sallow complexion, a straight nose, and a swaying, unstable bust that spoke an unfamiliarity with stays. But the whole expression of her face lay in her big, velvety eyes. And as study of these usually incapacitated the critic for farther judgment of her charms, the defects, if any, in the remainder of her features passed unnoticed.

Her name—as she informed the Padre, in half-drawled, musical Spanish, that made up in melody what it lacked in emphasis—was Luisa Duarte. Her father was the Comandante, the Señor Ignacio Duarte, whom the good Padre now blessed with his close and honored friendship. It was she who had just returned from the seclusion of a Spanish convent-school; and it was her father, who, in his preoccupation and in her ignorance of Californian ways, had sent her to implore the Padre's favor, and crave his future counsel and direction. Confession she did not now need, having been shortly since shriven by the chaplain of the ship in which she had taken passage. To-day, she desired merely the assurance of his friendship, and the promise of future advice. She knew the strictness

of the Franciscan monastic rules, and yet felt fully assured that in his searching watchfulness over her conduct she would find only the loving interest of a second father.

There was a slight trace of demureness in her tone as she glanced at the slender figure and pale, classic face of the Padre: and, in point of fact, I fear she was thinking that for all his forty-seven years the Padre was not yet utterly uncomely; and that, under other circumstances, she might have found him interesting otherwise than as a father.

The Padre considered. With the general rules to be urged for the spiritual guidance of his flock he was undoubtedly familiar. But he was not used to overlooking their private, daily conduct, and beyond the desultory admonitions he had occasionally given to Pepita, a ten-year old Indian convert of his household, there was no precedent to guide him in the exercise of parental authority. The necessity seemed urgent, and a sentiment of gratitude toward his friend, the Comandante, who had before hinted this desire, moved him to grant the request. In justice to the Padre, however, let me say that the compromising nature of the petitioner's age and sex carried no weight in fixing his decision. Such was his self-confidence, that without a disturbing thought he accorded to this young girl the same frank openness he would have shown toward the oldest and most wrinkled matron of his flock. He stipulated only that, where feasible, her father's judgment should first be consulted.

"And as for me, Señorita Luisa," he continued, "believe in the sincerity of my motives. My friendship and loving interest are yours, so long as it may please God and your noble father to honor me with the direction of your life": and with priestly courtesy, he stretched out his hands as if in a fatherly blessing.

Señorita Luisa Duarte grew more demure as she thought of the Padre's reputed sanctity, his ascetic life, and his carelessness of all temporal affairs. A wild plan of accepting in a different sense the Padre's proffer of affection, born of the thoughtless spirit of a school-girl who never lets pass an opportuni-

ty of conquest, for an instant passed through her mind; but the seasonable thought of the difficulty and comparative barrenness of the venture checked her. She contented herself with turning upon him, with a pretty assumption of innocence, the bewitching force of her velvety eyes—the force of habit is sometimes irresistible—and, after a few simple words of thanks and a low-bending, graceful courtesy, retired modestly from the church.

What passed between the Padre and his ward during the long months of intercourse that followed, it becomes me not, as a man unused to the guiles of women, to attempt to tell. I have said that the Señorita Luisa was flighty and coquettish, and under the influence of this close companionship with the pious Padre, she became still more romantic. And, think of conquering a man whose heart through forty-seven years had never yet been softened by the touch of woman! The Padre learned for the first time that there was aesthetic life outside the dogmas of the church; that there was pleasing warmth in the pressure of a seemingly unconscious hand; that there was a divine beauty in the soft, full curves of a well-developed, healthy female form, that was perhaps more highly-colored than was called for by the orthodox illuminations of the Franciscan code. And when the Doña turned her full attention to the matter, the Padre was fully at her mercy. She gradually made herself mistress of the details of his humdrum existence, the condition of his charge, the conversion of the Indians, the status of the Mission schools, the disbursements of seeds and stores, and, above all, his patriarchal cares and anxieties; and displayed therein a sympathy and interest which, to one who had no insight into her motive, appeared remarkable in contrast with the lightness and frivolity of most young women of her age.

It is stated that, at this period in the case, the Padre himself noticed that the Señorita Luisa required no small amount of attention; that her judgment seemed uniformly at fault and in need of direction; and that her requests were commonly preferred with a bashful timidity of tone and glance, and yet,

withal, a certain expectancy of manner, that was not always proportionate to the actual amount of service she required.

It is further alleged that under the beguiling influence of the Doña, and the anxiety to be winning even while severe, the Padre gained much in freedom of deportment, and behaved in a manner seemingly unseemly for a bachelor and Franciscan friar; falling into the occasional use of rather florid terms of endearment; and even indulging, to the danger of his decorum, in divers glances and caresses of an amorous complexion; confined, however, chiefly to such hand-pressings, chin-pattings, and other mild demonstrations, as might still retain a somewhat fatherly flavor. These allegations, however, being simply hearsay evidence, should be received with proper caution and allowance, and are offered here merely as being the points that in my ignorance seemed most salient in the case. That the Padre so far forgot himself in one of these interviews that the peal of the Angelus and its attendant call to prayers passed by him unobserved, has been denied.

Enough for the purposes of this tale, that finally the Padre found a time when his overcharged conscience pricked him into the certainty that the Donna Luisa had become to him much what she was to the score of secular gallants who sighed and languished daily for her favor. I do not think he arrived at this conviction suddenly, nor at any particular time. The sternness and vigor of his former discipline, the asceticism and previous sanctity of his life, the intensity of his self-assurance and his pride, all served to render this impossible. More probably it came upon him gradually.

But when the certainty was reached, the intercourse between the Doña and the Padre, though externally the same, became really of another character. The Padre's intellect at once marked out his future path. Strong in the firmness of a life-time of religious self-denial, he set his face resolutely toward a return to the orthodox straight and narrow path.

And I think perhaps he would have succeeded, had not an unexpected turn of af-

fairs served to balk this scheme. I have said that the Doña Luisa entered upon the conquest of the Padre's heart through coquetry. The change in his demeanor had not escaped her notice, and it had brought home to her two convictions; that her own warfare had been successful, and that unconsciously during the conflict she had struck her own colors to the enemy. Herself troubled by no scruples, and urged by her inclination, she now became not a spectator only, but a leading actor in the Padre's interior world. But her influence was established with a subtlety so perfect, that the Padre, though he had continually a vague perception of its presence and dread of its increase, could never bring himself to feel the necessity of entirely casting it off. True, he sometimes came to look doubtfully, fearfully—even at times with terror, and the bitterness of dread—on the moral and physical beguilements of the Doña. But avoid her as he might, her form, her gestures, her tones of voice, the glances of her dark eyes, her smallest and most indifferent acts—nay, even the careless habit of her dress—haunted him, and rose continually in his most secret thoughts; a reliable evidence of a deeper feeling in the bosom of the Padre than he was willing to admit.

But as these mental reviews failed to sustain any well-defined reason for such presentiments of fear, the Padre generally ended by taking himself to task for them as being merely outgrowths of the germ of evil he was conscious of in his own heart. And so, disregarding the lessons he should have drawn, and reconciling his duty to his inclination, he would return to his habits of familiarity with the Doña; thus giving her constant opportunities for carrying out the purpose to which—passionate creature that she was—she had devoted herself.

But whatever might be the Padre's inner defection, it did not detract from his rigid outward attendance to the duties of his sacred office. On the contrary, it served to render him more popular and successful. This was no doubt due to the prick and anguish of his daily life. The sense of guilt and sin

that rankled in his breast had thrust him down from the old heights of his sanctity, and left him apparently on the moral level of the lowest of his kind. For the first time in his life the Padre felt that there was a common bond of sympathy between him and the sinful brotherhood of mankind; perceived that his heart beat in unison with theirs; found that their pain and anguish might be his; and, forgetting the easy walks and nasal dronings of his former invocations, spoke forth in tones so commanding, so severe, yet withal so urgent and convincing, that his hearers could not but be stirred and frightened, even while they failed to recognize the power that moved them.

Yet the change in the Padre had hardly excited their surprise. They had before regarded him as well-nigh a miracle of holiness, and this quickening was accepted as one of those rare instances of spiritual award that Heaven sometimes vouchsafes to a holy saint in life. That the pious Padre should be the recipient of such heavenly grace and favor seemed peculiarly fit and proper. The strong men of his flock revered and blessed him for his loving aid, and good example. And many a virgin, other than the Doña Luisa, trembling under his eloquence, or flushed beneath his penance, fostered a tender passion in her timid heart; and—innocently sure that it was wholly religious in its conception—poured it out, freely and lavishly, like incense on his head.

The Padre himself was silent in the matter. He could not tell a falsehood—he feared to tell the truth. And then, if the worthy people of the Mission could draw increased holiness and consolation from his weakness, was it right or politic for him to undeceive them? For the first time in his life the Padre condescended to hypocrisy—for the first time he tripped upon the rock which has been the stumbling-block of so many well-meaning but easy-going Christians—dissimulation.

Thus passed the summer of 1790. With the breaking-up of the dry season, and the approach of the winter rains, the dusty hills that shut in the low white walls of the Mis-

sion lost their leathery hue, and came more and more to resemble in color the rusty cast-sock of the Padre. And the weather itself seemed to have patterned after his hypocrisy. The sunshine mingled with and was as fickle as the rain; the wind blew cold and raw, in fitful, unexpected gusts; and the frost, much prayed against and dreaded, dealt havoc to the vines. The sky was gray and cheerless as the Padre's inner life. Qualms of conscience, stings of disappointment, and turns of policy, still moved his heart: he only set his face the more rigidly, grew in the vivid sternness of his exhortations, and came more often to avoid the Doña.

One of these days found the Padre standing, at the hour of evening, alone in the doorway of the cathedral. He no longer found pleasure in companionship and walks with his friend, the Comandante, but continually shrank away to some solitary spot, where he spent the hours in moody meditation.

The sunlight played upon the dingy steps and door-way, but left the thin, stooped figure of the Padre in shadow. Standing thus, he felt a light touch fall upon his arm, and turning, recognized the figure of the Doña at his side.

"Ah, little one!" said the Padre, with something of unconscious tenderness, lowering his voice in the tones of endearment—"Dear one, what dost thou here? Hast thou not yet learned to be afraid of his direction of whom all men speak as severe?"

"No," said the maiden earnestly, "not for myself. I hear your voice, kind and gentle as it hath ever been; I feel your touch, caressing as of old; but yet you seem to avoid me, and I no longer see you smile. That only I fear. And tell me, oh Padre!—oh my father!" said the girl, clasping her hands upon his arm—"in what is it that I have brought to you such sorrow?"

The Padre gathered himself quickly, like a man taken in a mood he is reluctant to confess. Then recovering himself, he took the Doña's hands gravely between his own, and drew her within the shadow of the doorway.

"Little one," he said—he spoke faintly at

first; then louder, but hoarsely—"Little one, should I tell thee, thou wouldest not understand it. Have I not told thee, as others, that I am not what they make me! It is the thought of my own sinfulness that burdens me."

"But why should that burden make thee vexed with me?" said the girl, sorrowfully.

The Padre hesitated. For a long time it had been on his mind to own the truth of the matter to the Doña, and her words here offered him the very point of circumstances in which to interpose the confession. His grasp upon her fingers tightened painfully. He drew in a long, deep, tremulous breath, and when he breathed it forth again it came laden with the uneasy secret of his heart.

"Because, oh littlest of all, I love thee." I have no words in which to describe the conventional explanations and more unconventional tendernesses that followed. Suffice it to say that the Doña remained mistress of the situation. Among the many virtues of this admirable young woman was a steady self-possession. She was too much a woman not to immediately understand her victory; and she was too clever to imperil a single inch of her present vantage-ground by any unreflecting act. Yet I would not have the reader think that during this tender interview she was unmoved. Her hands trembled discreetly in the Padre's; her head nestled occasionally, at proper intervals, upon his shoulder; and for a moment—yes, fully a moment—her lovely eyes flooded up with tears as she spoke of the pain her foolishness had caused him. But then it must be remembered that the Doña's own heart was interested in the issue. She took it upon herself to suggest the plans of action necessary to the successful culmination of their desires—something the Padre's confusion and remorse unfitted him to do; combated, with wise tact and soothing assurance, his religious scruples and his dejection; and only rested when he had committed himself to assurances of eternal constancy, and the promise of flight as soon as opportunity should offer.

It was near a month before, in the chance presence of a trading-vessel in the harbor,

this opportunity came. And it was the necessity of making final arrangements with the Doña that took the Padre through the straggling town, up the hill, and within the gateway of the whitewashed adobe wall that marked the outer court of the establishment of the Comandante.

A few hurried words in the corridor served to complete his business with the Doña, and the Padre turned to greet the Señor Duarte, who, recognizing his voice, advanced with well-bred courtesy to receive him. The Comandante's greeting was warm and hearty; the Padre's somewhat constrained. But at the Comandante's earnest request he accompanied him into a long, low-ceiled apartment, whose church-like semblance found corroboration in the faint odor of tobacco-smoke that pervaded it like incense.

"I would speak to thee of my daughter, Padre Romo," said the Comandante, abruptly, as he drew up a settle for his friend and seated himself beside him. "There is change in her, and I think for the worse. I fear that she hath lost the purity and innocence she had a year ago. It is a somewhat hard thought, though, for a father," he continued, with a bitter smile. "But thou canst help me in this, Padre, canst thou not?" and he leaned forward, and, resting his hand heavily on his shoulder, looked wistfully into the Padre's unresponsive eyes. "I should have come to thee before with this," he continued, "but for the dread of waking idle curiosity. Yet why should I fear the publicity of that which to-day breeds common talk! Nay, do not go, Padre. I have more to tell thee."

The Padre settled himself again uneasily in his chair. The Comandante rose, paced the floor nervously, and continued:

"If it were not my daughter—my only one—there would be no care. It is the love for her, and seeing her day after day grow away from me, with no one to prevent, that makes anxiety. But thou hast counseled her, and thou canst help me, Padre—thou canst help me!"

In his excitement he crossed the room, and again laid his hand upon the Padre's shoulder. He would have kept it there, but the

latter shook it off by a careless motion, and asked, hoarsely:

"And how long hast thou felt this to be true?"

"From the hour she came here; from the day she came from Spain. There was wrong there, Padre, for I left her to herself. It is now, too, I am wrong; but I knew not then how dear to me she was. And she hath not been the same child since. But there is more, Padre—and in this most of all I need thy sympathy and help. I care not that she no longer shows obedience and affection, nor if she listen to the vows of every gallant in the Mission, for it may be that my carelessness hath made a forfeit of my privilege; and though my daughter bend an ear to flattery, she hath a pride that will defend her honor. But for all that—hast thou not noticed it?—I fear—I fear that she hath given her heart away to some one. Do not move, Padre, I can see thee here."

The Padre's pale face grew paler, but he faced the Comandante, and listened in a sort of desperation as he wandered on.

"It is now a half-year that I have thought her wrong and absent in her mind, and dreamy; and of late she hath again been timidly affectionate, and is sorrowful in regarding me; and for a month past she hath had sudden starts and nervous looks, like one expecting tidings; and to-day I came upon her gathering up her clothes, as if for a sudden journey. It is this last that hath made me sad. I could have borne the rest. But that she should think to steal away —"

He turned away toward the window, and for a period the huskiness of his breathing alone broke the silence. The Padre rose, and pouring a glass of wine, drank it off quickly. The sun had gone down, and its light had almost deserted the room, and even the figure of the Comandante at the window was in shadow.

"Canst thou give me no counsel, Padre?" said the voice from the quiet.

The answer came slowly and hesitatingly from the spot by the table:

"If thou couldst learn the intention —"

"How could that do good?"

"Thou couldst prevent it."

"But would that better her?"

The Padre did not answer, but passed from the table to the door-way.

"Do not go, Padre. Bear with me a little. There is comfort even in telling thee this my trouble."

He crossed the room as he spoke, and stood beside his friend.

The Padre hesitated, but finally passed on into the corridor, and so out of the house. The Comandante followed. The coolness of the evening was grateful after the closeness of the interior, and the fresh breeze stung up the color in the Padre's sallow cheeks.

The Comandante leaned silently against the gate-post. The peaceful calmness of the night and the sympathetic influence of the Padre's presence wrought their perfect work upon him, and he grew calm. Before them the little hamlet lay resting peacefully, its white walls gleaming in the moonlight. In the quiet they could hear the water rippling on the beach, and the rustle of the pines beyond the town. And the Padre, looking across the bay, saw the beacon-lights from the Yankee trader glisten and flicker in the wind.

The air grew calm, and the Comandante was still silent. The Padre recovered himself, and again moved as if for departure. His friend turned at the movement, and anticipated him.

"Art thou going, Padre?"

"Yes."

"Canst thou not stay? I have been dreaming, Padre—of the future. Dost thou know what I would wish concerning thee? That thou wert not a churchman. I would give thee my daughter, Padre, and then the trouble would be gone."

The Padre quietly shrugged his shoulders, and turning to his friend, grasped him by both his hands.

"*Amigo mio*," he said, looking him steadily in the eyes, "it is but a moment longer I am with thee. Since thou hast asked it, this is my advice: Send thy daughter to the mother Spain, to friends, to any place but here.

This is no country for a motherless girl.  
Tell her it is thy will; command her if she  
refuse. Sorrow not that thou wert careless  
and she unfilial. Be a father—and deal with  
her as a daughter. Keep up thy courage.  
Farewell."

He snatched his hands from the Coman-  
dante's, and hurried away like the wind. At  
the foot of the hill he stumbled blindly  
against a passing figure, with what, if the as-  
tonished woman had not recognized the  
Padre, would have sounded strangely like  
an oath. A moment later, to her bewildered  
eyes, he was but a dark shadow in the wind-

ing road, that trailed out bright and silvery  
in the moonlight till it seemed a pathway to  
the stars.

But in the morning the worshipers at early  
mass found a pathos tender as sorrow in the  
Padre's chanted prayers. They who were  
innocent and young bent reverently to dream  
of hope and love and life. And desperate  
souls, and hard, callous hearts, already brush-  
ed of their first bloom of innocence, forgot  
their sinfulness and cares, and felt a glow of  
youth, in listening to the penitent supplica-  
tions of this saintly sinner, pleading for them  
with God.

WARREN CHENEY.

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## UNREST.

The sun shines over the morning hills,  
And gems the snow on the sleeping rills—

The day is glad;

But the sun goes up and the sun goes down,  
And a cloud hangs low o'er the dismal town:

My heart is sad.

A laugh comes up from the giddy street,  
I hear the din of a myriad feet—

There is no rest;

But the march and mirth have a hollow sound,  
For the world is waiting the marbled mound  
To still each breast.

A step falls near on my chamber floor,  
A face looks in at my lonely door,

A hand I hold:

Ah! the step is void of the olden thrill,  
The face has only a wintry chill,  
The hand is cold.

I've waited well, and I've waited long,  
To catch a footfall amid the throng—

I only wait;

And the eyes I meet have a vacant gleam,  
And the eyes I seek are a haunting dream:  
This is my fate.

An ocean ever a surging deep,  
 A sea that never is rocked to sleep,  
 An endless sigh,  
 An autumn breath on the blush of spring,  
 A song that saddens the lips that sing—  
 No more am I.

Yet I can wait, on this lone, wild sea,  
 A sail that may never come back to me  
 Until we stand,  
 Her feet and mine on the distant pier,  
 Forever one and forever near—  
 Love, hand in hand.

WILDER MACK WOOSTER.

### THE HILLS OF SAN BERNARDINO.

There is indeed "a pleasure in the pathless woods"; but Byron never felt it. Neither did Wordsworth, Thoreau, nor any one else who has never spent a year or two in the lowlands of southern California. And many a one spends the best years of his life in those lowlands without realizing—nay, often without suspecting—that the hills that loom with an air so drearily barren through the dreamy haze of the eastern horizon, are full of shades as deep and solemn, of vales as fair, of springs as cool, of brooks as rushing, of woods as pleasant, as ever lapped a weary soul in the elysium of restful peace. And of all these hills, none surpass in grandeur and simplicity, in variety and intensity, the great mountains of San Bernardino County.

Visible from nearly every point south of the Sierra is a high ridge in the eastern sky; in winter like a floating fleece, in summer like a high dome of reddish sand on the shore of the blue sea above. The world can show many a mountain higher than this one; but the world can show few, and America can show no other, that, like this, towers away two miles above the country all around its feet. Nearly all the high mountains of the world rise from a country already elevated thousands of feet. But from a country of

plains nearly level with the sea, Grayback—or, as it is known to the U. S. Survey, Grizzly Peak—soars heavenward nearly 12,000 feet, bearing with it a mass of forest-clad and stream-embroidered shoulders and foot-hills that leave far behind them the most imposing mountains of the Atlantic States. On the southern face of this mountain, Mill Creek, at the bottom of a great cañon over a mile deep, whirls its swift current around snowy boulders, and sleeps in pools of grey granite. On the other face the Santa Ana River, in a valley thousands of feet deep, marches seaward through a long, winding line of bright green alders.

For beauty clear-cut and sparkling with primeval freshness, for grandeur of surroundings, for purity and coldness of its waters, Mill Creek is hard to excel. It also contains trout enough to satisfy any one not gifted with the spirit of butchery or brag. But the greatest variety of scenery, the finest woods, the best fishing, and the most game, are on the Santa Ana.

The Santa Ana can now be reached only by bridle-trail from Mill Creek; the mouth of its cañon, where it leaves the mountains, being impassably choked with a huddled mass of immense boulders, the work of the great flood of 1862. Up Mill Creek, for

several miles into the heart of the mountains, runs a tolerable wagon-road to the place of Mr. Peter Forcee, where one can have good camping, get plenty of fruit and vegetables in season, and find a good and reliable guide if he fancies he needs one. From here, winding up cañons where the deep shades of immense alders shut out the glare from the hills above; where the music of rushing brooks keeps time to the sigh of the breeze through gigantic pines, and along ridges from which the eye wanders over peak upon peak arising in the distance on every hand; over the mountain's back, through a tall forest of somber pine, cedar, silver spruce, and mountain oak—the trail runs some ten miles long, and rising some four thousand feet, till it plunges down the pine-bristling heights of the Santa Ana. From the first crossing of the river to the place of L. S. Jenks—where the heaviest timber begins, and the ravages of that pest of California beauty, the sheep, begin to cease—it is about four or five miles. From here on one may find good fishing, in Jenks's Lake, if nowhere else; and though the shooting cannot be highly praised in any part of these mountains, a good and patient hunter can still do well.

But aside from all questions of fishing or hunting, these mountains well reward the tourist's toil. If there be any spot where one can lie down and dream away existence in perfect content—if there be any cure for insomnia, any relief for overworked brains, any place of refuge when fortune and friends have fled thy house—it is here, where time and trouble are annihilated, and a blissful indifference sinks softly into the soul.

The first important feature that strikes one here is, that these mountains are timbered just heavily enough for beauty, and not heavily enough to conceal any charms or curiosities of formation, to make it laborious to thread them, or to put the inexperienced rover in any danger of lying out overnight. Nearly every gulch, ridge, slide, rock, and crag is still plainly visible. Wherever a cloud-burst has dashed its swift way down the mountain-side, or a part of the mountain-side itself has given way under the weight of

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soaking water and snow, and parted from its anchorage of ages, the great gleaming scar is still plainly seen. Hence, when we climb the lofty ridge that forms the shoulder of Grayback, known as Mount San Bernardino, and look down into the valley that a mile beneath lies spread like a garden, we see a combination of features rarely or never found elsewhere. We see great washes where the torrents of former years have heaped the glistening gray boulders in a wild huddle of confusion, and down their center long winding ranks of bright-green alders locking arms over some bright, rushing stream. Great rifts yawn along the mountain walls, white or gray at the bottom and sides; great stretches of shingle lie bare and bleak along the upper slopes; little *cienagas*, or meadows, shine brightly green here and there; little *potreros*, or fertile basins, lie scattered around like gardens hung in air, so soft and transparent is the scene in this clear air; little valleys of all shapes crawl everywhere among a profusion of benches and *mesas*; great cañons wind in every direction into the huge walls on both sides of the valley, divided by vast ridges that sweep and curl in all directions; while here, there, and everywhere, all around the valley, shoulder jostles against shoulder, and point rises upon point, crowned with looming turrets of sandstone or granite, with pyramid mounting upon pyramid, and head upon head, till the whole vast bulk carries the soul heavenward along with it.

Nearly all this is covered with a veil of misty green, that obscures its beauty just enough to highten it. The lower benches are covered in some places only with *chaparral*; but with a few hundred feet of elevation the pine begins to nod upon the scene; the silver spruce rears its bright, glistening green; the great cedar, with its flat leaves of yellowish green, and long, shaggy-barked body, towers aloft; black oak, white oak, mountain live-oak, and other hard woods, fill up the gaps; and higher up the fir begins to elbow the rest aside. The pine springs luxuriant from the white sand of the washes that furrow the mountain's breast, and stands

massed in thick, dark ranks in the chasms of the great breaks and slides. There are few piles of rocky sterility that afford no foot-hold for the spruce; few castellated crags above on whose ramparts the fir has not planted its victorious standard. And all down the slopes, over all the benches and plateaus above a certain altitude, stretches the timber almost unbroken. And yet here and there through it all we see golden spots where the ripened foxtail sleeps among the pine-needles; reaches of brown where the *alfileria* lies thick and dry along the ground; little meadows, darkly verdant, and little gardens of yellowish-green ferns; and here and there the winding line of alders above some water-course.

These, too, are genuine woods, and not a scattering of trees relieving a general barrenness. Whether you wander along some bench or plateau, thread some cañon, climb some long ridge, or wind along steep hillsides, there is ever present an overpowering sense of woods, vast, complete and refreshing. All around you is that soft aroma, which, if all other senses were closed, would instantly tell you where you were; and that soft sighing of the wind among the pines, like the low hiss of distant brooks, that speaks your whereabouts in still louder tones. Here are beds of pine-needles or fern, upon which you may lay your lazy limbs in the cool breeze, and let a blissful "don't-care-a-cent" feeling steal over you. All around you stand aged monarchs of the forest; some in all the pride of manhood, others tottering to their fall, others slowly sliding into decay; others, charred and preserved by fire, still standing as tombstones of themselves, like one who has outlived a fair record of years, and stands in old age charred and blackened with evil deeds.

These woods are more open beneath than one would suppose; a pleasant feature for the wanderer in their halls. There are few places where the eye cannot reach full three hundred yards over a carpet of pine-needles, *alfileria*, or ferns, down long vistas of heavily corrugated trunks, and under arcades of dark-green leaves.

Yet one must not suppose that the flora of this region is limited to trees. There is, indeed, no such thing as profusion, either of shrubs, undershrubs, or herbs, except along the creeks. But there is variety enough to prevent any sense of monotony or barrenness. The manzanita reaches out its arms more red and rugged than in the lowlands, and full-hung with its bright green fruit—so large, plump, and tempting to the eye, that one is almost disposed to try it again. Here, too, is the lilac, dressed in the whitest of all shades of green, with some of its lavender-pink flowers still in bloom. The mountain-elder begins to show, at long intervals, its snowy stalk; high along the upper slopes a kind of chincapin forms a dense mat of low shrubbery, on which one can almost walk; the wild gooseberry—hairy, prickly, and disappointing—nearly locks arms with the wild currant, equally fraudulent in its fair promises. Here, too, we find, occasionally, the wild raspberry, and the blackberry—fair enough to the eye at all events; and in and around the little *cienagas*, where rivulets of icy water trickle through tufted beds of long green grass, grows, in luxuriance, a kind of mountain willow. Nearly all the kinds of bushes that characterize the *chaparral* of southern California are lightly scattered over the open places, and many more, in more or less modified or exaggerated types, stand among the heavy timber.

The wealth of flowers is not oppressive; though, considering the nature and dryness of the soil, it is perhaps greater than we have a right to expect. The bright crimson snow-plant appears occasionally among the dark trunks, catching the eye from afar like a red star at night. The scarlet fluting of the nodding columbine is seen in nearly all damp places, and occasionally in very dry ones; while the cardinal-flower outshines it in the former, and the painted-cup tries hard to rival it in the latter. The wild-rose unfolds its delicate pink along the creek bottoms, perhaps with the sweet-briar standing in fond fellowship beside it; the soft lavender tulip sways proudly upon its tall stalk; the *yerba santa*, above its dark-varnished green leaves,

rears its showers of white; the lupin, still in bloom, and running through all the shades from lavender to crimson, rears its tall spires here and there; the *penstemon* seems almost musical with its gay blue-mouthed trumpets of pink; the larkspur yet lingers with its dark indigo-hooded flower; the scarlet *mimulus* and its golden brothers laugh at us with their flaring lips; the false honeysuckle occasionally reaches out across your path its long stem, full-hung with crimson trumpets; the morning-glory's white bells shine among its vines of trailing green: away up the mountain-side is a flower like it, but with leaves like those of the grape-vine; and along with this we find a delicate little creeper with an orange flower, another with little bells of white and pink; and here we soon become lost in a maze of others, unknown to our lowland eyes.

And is there no other life but vegetable life in these great hills? Yes. From almost the highest point to the lowest valley there is company of some sort along your path. We have left far behind us the mellow flute of the valley quail, but his double-plumed and gay cousin of the mountain well supplies his place. From the lowest valley to the loftiest point where vegetation grows, you often see his mottled waistcoat of white and cinnamon, his bluish coat, and long nodding plumes; may hear the gentle patter of his little feet on the pine-needles as he steals softly away, and hear his ordinary *quit-quit-quit-quit-queeah* changed into a dismally-anxious *queeee-awwk*, as he leads the little brood from danger. Gone is the liquid note of the lark; but from here and there rolls through the wood the *woo-ooo-woo-woo* of the dove; and oft you see him sitting, mild-eyed and melancholy, on some dead limb, or see him with whistling wing dart like an arrow through the openings. No mocking-bird, with his cheery tones, awakes the dreamer in these shades; but the oriole is full of song, though his *repertoire* is brief. Here is a tiny woodpecker, no bigger than a wren, with brownish coat, and breast of yellowish gray, flitting from tree to tree, and skipping up and down the great, shaggy pine trunks as nimbly

as a squirrel. Here are others yet larger, in mottled jackets of white and gray, with red top-knots; plenty of the red-headed, white and black dandies, keeping up a steady squealing and drumming, and an unmerciful amount of *qu-qu-qu-qu-qu-qu-ing*; while the golden-winged woodpecker, or high-holder, adds to the general racket his clear-voiced *da-cla-da-cla-cla*. The robin occasionally adds his carol—a feeble echo of the cheery spring song of the old friend of our Eastern days—yet a robin song, nevertheless. Once in a while a starling twitters out a faint reminder of other days; and there's never a lull in the general din that is not well-filled with the everlasting, grating *waak-waak-waak* of the mountain blue-jay—a gaudy scamp, resplendent with indigo finery, top-knot, and sky-blue tail, and a bigger rascal—if possible—than his lowland brother.

The animals are in less variety and quantity than the birds. There is about a square mile of up and down hill to each deer; extra good measure being given to all customers. Gray squirrels trail their long, bushy tails here and there over the carpet of pine-needles, or whisk them up the shaggy bark of some tall pine as you approach. Here, there, and everywhere the little chipmunk—a mere electric spark of life—flashes for an instant on the sight. His clumsy bob-tailed brother occasionally shows himself; and up to an altitude of about 5,000 feet we still occasionally meet the everlasting ground-squirrel of the lowlands. And these practically close the list. There are no bears nor panthers, except upon such rare occasions that they may be thrown out of consideration.

Sweep him out! Mere rubbish in Nature's tabernacle is the man who cannot enjoy these scenes without either rod or gun. Yet we must confess that the waters and their flashing tenants are to the lowlander the best part of everything here. He can stand on his heated plains and gaze on lofty-enough mountains; he can any day satiate his eyes on rock and cliff and crag; he can soon find heavy enough shade in the beautiful oak-filled cañons or *montes* of the lower hills and *mesas*. But it is only in mountains like these,

far away from the flat and warm stuff of the lowlands, that he can refresh his soul with a drink that recalls the old oaken bucket, and can see the flash of a fish bright enough to illumine those pictures of happy by-gone days by the rushing stream that have long hung dim and dusty in the dark rotunda of memory. Scarcely any one is of soul so dull as not to be overpowered by the mere change of scene alone. To sit in the deep shade beneath the interlaced arms of the great alders and willows that line the brook in double and triple ranks of dark, dense green; to see the swift volume of icy crystal come shattered and sprawling in white flakes over some flat rock; to see it driven on by momentum, climbing some heavy boulder and sliding in a thin sheet over its top; to see it spouting in sparkling jets through lodged masses of drift-wood; to see it gather itself, all in one column of green, for a charge on a barricade of rocks, and dash through them tattered and torn into a dozen streams of foam; to see it rush against some backward-leaning rock, whirl up with a backward leap, and turn a somersault into a bed of froth; or in some quiet pool to see it sleeping by the water-line of dank moss along the granite rock over which the columbine hangs its brilliant head;—this, this alone, repays the long trip into these mountains. And how much this pleasure is heightened when your line and bait join in the gay gallopade of the waters sparkling down the rapids, in the waltz around some central whirlpool, spin a moment through the boiling foam below some plunging sheet, or skip along the surface of some place where the waters gather for a roaring leap into some basin below! For this is the home of the silver trout—a bright, shining beauty, pure as a beam of light shot from an iceberg. There are other fish whose fiery energy and brilliant dash strike our admiration more; but none that win the heart quicker than these delicate little gems of silver and opal—as fair a coinage as nature turns from her mint. They are found in all the streams in these mountains, in numbers that will quickly repay the angler's toil; though, simple-minded as they are, they pos-

sess some of the knack natural to their race, of disappointing the bungler and block-head.

Nearly nine-tenths of those who have hitherto visited these hills have gone away with benighted souls. For, however he may fancy himself pleased with the scenes below, he who has not ascended Grayback is like a savage who listens to the tuning-up of an orchestra, and goes off pleased—thinking he has heard the concert. Until within a very short time a strangely stupid idea has prevailed, that this mountain was nearly inaccessible, and vague notions of its terrors still haunt the minds of those who have had full opportunity to know better. There is probably no mountain of its size so easy to climb. From base to top one never needs to use one's hands in climbing. There are no precipices, no windfalls, no little brush, no dangerous masses of sliding shingle or slippery rock; there is nothing but a steady, even grade, at the maximum of not over two thousand feet to the mile. Every one familiar with mountain horses knows what this means. Two years ago, after an ascent on foot, I declared that a horse could be ridden to the very summit. And since that time a lady has actually ridden one there. Once there, one looks down two miles upon a breadth and variety of scenery probably such as no other mountain in the world can show. From the high outposts of the Sierra in the north to the ragged mountains of Mexico in the south, and from the blue-looming hills of Arizona in the east to the islands of the Pacific—dim dots on a silver line—the eye sweeps a circle of over three hundred miles in diameter. Great glaring tracts of desolation, larger than some Eastern States; bright green valleys, where the wondrous power of water has made Beauty burst from the sleep of ages; great bodies of pine, looking almost black with intensity of greenness; golden stubble and hay covered plains; bright-yellow slopes, where the live-oaks stand like apple-orchards above the ripened wild-oats or foxtail; long, wavy lines of green, where water-courses thread the sun-baked plains; great cañons, filled with the everlast-

ing shade of live-oaks that were pioneers of the land before Columbus was born; green little *potreros* that lie like lakes in a girdle of hills; vast reaches of tumbling hills, darkly blue with *chaparral* and distance; great fir-plumed mountains, that look as if born to

command; others standing grim and gray, like old warriors that have breasted a thousand storms, but given way at last;—all these, in a thousand varieties of detail, lie far below the gazer, swooning in that vast, oppressive solitude that broods over this southern land.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

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### IN THE CAÑON.

Here, on this sun-touched sward awhile to rest;  
By soft wind-fingers tenderly caressed,  
From aching temples soothing grief and pain,  
Sweet Mother Nature! once, yet once again  
Cometh thy child to thee! Thy kindly ways  
Might bless existence with unshadowed days,  
But that the world with false and feverish touch  
Claimeth allegiance from us overmuch.  
'Twere happiness beyond its gift, to lie  
In summer hours beneath the tranquil sky;  
Sentinel grasses waving—elfin spears,  
Now tipped with light, now dark as human fears;  
O'erhead, the swaying foliage of the trees,  
White wealth of laurel-bloom—blue, distant seas—  
The changeful loveliness of light and shade  
Sun-smiled, and shadow-frowned upon the glade.

Let the crowd strive, dear friend: our world is here,  
Far from its haunts, in this glad atmosphere;  
Leave we awhile life's heritage of care,  
And gain new strength that heritage to bear.  
It may be hard to bear; we yearn for heaven,  
And though unworthy all, are yet forgiven—  
If to hate evil, and to seek for good  
Be—well, God never hath misunderstood.  
He is all-gracious. Wistful souls have missed  
The apex of the hills of amethyst;  
His love waits still. Gaze those far hills around  
And yet beyond; still doth that love abound.  
If, not demanding what our pleasure is,  
His care hath framed a world so fair as this,  
Whereto birth brings us—past Death's shadowy veil,  
Is His transcendent love at once to fail?

ISABEL A. SAXON.

## DON CARLOS.—I.

The principal misfortunes which have befallen Spain during the last fifty years may be traced to the reign of Ferdinand VII. This monarch, without a fixed system of government, the sad sport of a weakness and a vacillation that have become hereditary among the Spaniards, followed unresistingly the course of events, satisfied with correcting an evil without ever thinking of preventing its recurrence.

Ferdinand, when Prince of Asturias, refused to marry the sister-in-law of Godoy, the favorite minister of Charles IV., who had been raised from the humblest walks of life to become the dispenser of state favors, and the most opulent subject of the King. The refusal of the Prince to marry into the family of the Prime Minister suddenly altered the daily scene about the court. From being the subject of the most magnificent eulogiums, and being praised as the most noble, wise, learned, and valiant prince Spain had ever beheld, Ferdinand came to be looked upon by Charles as willful and disobedient, and by the advisers of the King with all the malice that deadly hatred could inspire. The court were by the ears, as if a golden apple had been thrown amongst them. The young damsel herself, who had aspired to be the object of Ferdinand's affections, also changed; her love for him was turned to hatred, and her ambition had so tyrannized over her mind that her usual cheerfulness and mirth were changed to the deepest melancholy. In this emergency Ferdinand committed an error that resulted in great evil to his country. To secure himself from the vengeance of Godoy, the Prince wrote to Napoleon for protection, and at the same time sent a letter to his father, asking permission to participate in the government of the kingdom. The King and Queen were enraged at the supposed treasonable conduct of their son, and by order of the Queen he was ar-

rested and placed in confinement; while King Charles took the disastrous step of addressing a letter to Napoleon in relation to the conduct of the Prince. Ferdinand was soon released from imprisonment, but Napoleon, taking advantage of his position as umpire between father and son, invaded Spanish territory with large bodies of French troops. The Spanish provinces generally espoused the cause of the Prince, and Godoy was obliged to fly from the country to escape the indignation of the people. Charles abdicated in favor of Ferdinand, but immediately thereafter sent secretly a protest to Napoleon against his own act, and this was subsequently made a pretext by the Emperor for his schemes of conquest in Spain. Ferdinand VII. made a triumphal entry into Madrid, and commenced his reign apparently under very favorable auspices. But Ferdinand was induced to visit France to consult with Napoleon about Spanish affairs; Charles accepted a like invitation, and both fell into the snare of Napoleon, who made captives of his guests, and insolently denied the right of Ferdinand to the throne. The crown of Spain was thereupon laid at the feet of the Emperor, who transferred it to the head of his brother Joseph.

The events of 1814 restored Ferdinand to the throne, but he had no taste for public affairs; incompetent ministers were appointed to office, whose acts were directed by degraded parasites around the throne. There was no established policy of government, and everything seemed left to chance, the sovereign himself often giving up his days to idleness and pleasure.

Ferdinand was educated in the school of regal absolutism, a system not correctly understood by most writers of the last fifty years. This system had its roots in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and in France received, unfortunately, such strength

and consistence from the policy of Cardinal Richelieu and of Louis XIV., that it became, in the course of the eighteenth century, the fashionable kind of government in most European countries. This was the case in Portugal, where, if I except the sixty years of foreign domination, the Constitution of the Three Estates flourished from the origin of the monarchy down to the beginning of the age in question. This was the case in Austria, too, where in the course of that century the provincial Diets were gradually set aside. Of the despotism of Prussia it is needless to speak; Germany is even at this day little better than a military camp. In looking to the causes of that leaning to absolutism which marked the eighteenth century, I find them in that spirit of moral and intellectual effeminacy that pervaded that age, as well as in the spirit of extreme jealousy of clerical and aristocratic influences that characterized the policy of Louis XIV., and of sovereigns that afterward took him as their model. This political system, by estranging the nobility from public life, by denying to the middle classes a legitimate scope for their activity, and by bereaving the state of the salutary influence of the clergy, facilitated the progress of irreligion in Europe. This system of irreligion, which had sprung from the Deism of the seventeenth century, made France, in the following age, the chief seat of its operations; till, growing every year more powerful and aggressive, it produced that frightful revolution, which, after convulsing all France, extended its ravages to other lands.

After Ferdinand had been restored to his ancestral throne by the heroic effort of the Spanish people and the victories of the allied forces, he issued an ordinance dissolving the revolutionary Cortes of Cadiz, and promising to convoke the Cortes of the Three Estates. Ferdinand committed a great error in not having fulfilled his pledge for the convocation of the legitimate Cortes, and made another mistake in having pursued a policy vacillating between extreme rigor and extreme weakness toward the revolutionary party. These errors of judgment, and the King's

indifference to state affairs, led to numerous conspiracies to overthrow the government, some of which were quenched in blood. The *camarilla* acquired great influence over the King, and this produced dissatisfaction throughout the provinces, whose interests were sacrificed for the benefit of court favorites. Disorganization followed, and bands of *banditti* swarmed over the country, setting magistrates at defiance, and committing all kinds of atrocities. In the short period of six years there were twenty-five changes in the ministry; and to remonstrate with the King would have resulted in being thrown into prison or sent into exile. The press was silenced by suppression, or bribed into the service of the court; and the greatest venality prevailed near the throne. Freemasonry and some other secret societies were abolished, and effectually kept in check; but a far more dangerous association was secretly formed by the Communists, to overthrow the government. They held meetings in the principal towns, and kept up an active correspondence with lodges in other countries. Through these corresponding societies France and Italy sought to make Spain the field on which to fight their battles, and the memories of the dead *Comuneros* were not invoked in vain, for the worst sentiments of the French Revolution became the watchwords of the revolutionary doctrine in Spain.

The Communists had their clubs and secret societies in the principal cities of Europe long before their operations were extended to the south of the Pyrenees. These organizations not only plotted the destruction of all monarchies, but the establishment of a democratic republic, based upon an equal division or community of property, with all the visionary and wicked projects of pure socialism. The most fearful oaths were taken by the members, binding themselves to obey all the orders of their chiefs, and to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to carry out their plans. The communistic oath, after binding the members of the order to submit themselves, their property, and their lives to their superiors, concludes as follows:—

"I swear that if any *Caballero Communero* violates his oath in all or in part, to put him to death as soon as the Confederation shall decide him to be a traitor; and if I shall fail in all or in part to perform my sacred oaths, I will acknowledge myself a traitor, deserving of an ignominious death at the hands of the Confederation; the doors and gates of the castles and towers shall be closed against me; and in order that nothing shall remain of me after my death, I agree to have my body burned, and the ashes thereof thrown to the winds."

The *Communeros* tried to excite disturbances along the Mediterranean, and even undertook to stir up a rebellion in the interior of Spain. But the more cunning and calculating joined hands with the Liberals, and looked forward to more important and certain changes than the lodges, with any reasonable hope of success, had contemplated; they directed their increasing labors toward changing the line of succession to the Spanish crown in the event of the death of the King without male issue.

Ferdinand VII. had been three times married, but his wives had all died without being blessed with children. His third wife, Amelia, a Saxon Princess, died in 1829, under circumstances that created an extraordinary sensation at the time. The revolutionists then desired to procure for the King a wife who would side with them in their schemes of government, and who, if she failed to have male issue, would join them in changing the line of succession. The Neapolitan Princess, Doña Louisa Carlota, wife of Don Francisco de Paula, openly took part with the Liberal and Communistic element, and under her auspices a fourth marriage was projected for the King. The chamberlains and members of the royal household nearest the King were gained over by large sums of money. Ferdinand was advised to marry no Princess without the prospect of having children, and the females of the house of Naples were particularly recommended to him by reason of their prolific qualities. One of the King's courtiers, who had entered into the plot, actually placed a portrait of the Princess Christina of Naples, elder sister of Carlota, upon Ferdinand's dressing-table, whilst nearly all Madrid was still in mourn-

ing over the dead body of Queen Amelia. This audacious act was at first properly resented, but the King soon relaxed his severity, then softened, and, before the funeral breakfast was fairly cold, consented to receive a picture of his future wife. Ferdinand asked the advice of his confidential councilors concerning the proposed marriage, and Father Cerilo and Señores Erro and Pio Elisaldo advised against the propriety of an alliance with a Princess who, from her private character and by her public demonstrations in favor of the Neapolitan Communists, had made herself so notorious. This advice, however, was overruled; the councilors who gave it were banished from the court; and on the ninth day of November, 1829, the King signed the contract for his fourth marriage.

The old Don Carlos, known as Charles V. by his followers, grandfather of the present Don Carlos, was the brother of Ferdinand VII., and, in the event of the King's having no male children, was his heir to the crown; for the Salic Law prevailed in Spain, which provided that no female should ever sit upon the throne of the Spaniards.

The Salic Law became a part of the fundamental law of Spain by virtue of the sixth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, which closed the Twelve Years' War of the Succession. This war was the result of the act of Charles II., who, having no children, left the Spanish crown to the Duke d'Anjou, one of the younger sons of the Dauphin of France, and who was afterwards known as Philip V. This disposition of the throne was objected to by Austria, who claimed the succession; and by England, for fear that the crowns of France and Spain might one day become united upon the same head, and that the naval power of the two countries combined might be too great for that of England. For this latter reason, the Tory government in England demanded the insertion of the sixth article into the Treaty, by which the crown of Spain was to descend only to male heirs. At the time of the Convention of Utrecht, Philip V., to whom the Spaniards had become greatly attached, was desirous

that his adopted country should never be sacrificed to the ambition of France, for his interests and sympathies were no longer beyond the Pyrenees. And, in order to provide against the contingency which had laid desolate so much of the beautiful portions of Europe with blood and slaughter, he proceeded, in accordance with the proposed sixth article of the Treaty, to alter the law of succession. The King laid the projects of the new law before the Council of State and Castile, and it met with their unanimous approval. The Deputies of the Cortes were then sitting at Madrid, and, by the order of Philip, mandates were sent to every privileged city and town, directing them to send to their Deputies full and sufficient powers to deliberate upon this subject, as appears by the *Auto Acordado* of May 10th, 1713. This law was enacted with all the requisite solemnities and constitutional forms, and could not be abrogated except by a resort to the forms required to change a fundamental or constitutional law of the country. The Salic Law was strictly observed from the time of its creation until the death of Ferdinand VII., a period of one hundred and twenty years; when, through the cunning of Louis Philippe, who desired to obtain the throne for one of his sons by his marriage with a Spanish Princess, England was induced to give her consent to the bestowal of the crown upon the Princess Isabella, to the exclusion of the legitimate heir, Don Carlos V.

The Princess Louisa Carlota went to the frontier to accompany her sister Christina to Madrid, and to instruct her in the part she would have to play in the scandalous drama intended, in the event of Ferdinand's death without male heirs, to be set on foot, to unjustly exclude Don Carlos from the throne. The marriage of Ferdinand and Christina was hastened forward, and took place on the 11th day of December, 1829. Very soon after his marriage the King ceased to have any will of his own, and no persons were allowed to have access to him except those who were in the interest of Christina. The Queen, in course of time, had two children, but to her great regret they were daughters;

and the disappointment of the King was plainly apparent at the birth of each of these royal infants; inasmuch as his brother, Don Carlos, had already three fine and promising sons, to whom the nation looked with pride and confidence.

On the 16th day of September, 1832, the King's life was thought to be in danger, and he sent the Count d'Alcudia to Don Carlos to ask him to act as councilor to the Queen, whom the King proposed to make regent in the case of his death. This proposal was declined. But the Count again returned to Don Carlos, to know, in the name of the King, if he would serve as co-regent with the Queen, to which request he also gave a peremptory refusal, declaring that the rights which the King was attempting to bestow upon the daughter of Christina were legally vested in himself. Three times more the Count came to Don Carlos, to urge the affair upon him; but the characteristic answer of Don Carlos was that he would not assent to a proposal which tended to the abandonment of his own rights, those of his children, and the other members of his family, to the crown of Spain. The rectitude of Don Carlos made him avoid the snare that was laid for him. The Count of Alcudia then told him that his refusal would expose the country to the risks of civil war.

"It is in order to avoid it," said Don Carlos, "that I am resolved to defend my rights, and to make an appeal to the nation which will hasten to respond to it, convinced as I am that nothing could justify my brother in attempting to destroy the fundamental law of the State, which he had sworn to maintain when he ascended the throne. The whole diplomatic body joins me in this conviction; and in case it should please the Almighty to call my brother to himself, I will assert my rights, if any attempt be made to set up any unjust pretensions in favor of my niece: the result of the struggle cannot be doubted."

The King was greatly alarmed at the dangers to which he was exposing the monarchy. He consulted Alcudia, who advised him to revoke the will by which he had undertaken to annul the Salic Law.

"I cannot hesitate to make the derogation," said the King, "since it must contribute to secure the tranquillity of Spain."

Ferdinand directed the Count to draw up the decree of derogation. This decree was signed by the King on the 18th day of September, 1832; and when the act of attestation was concluded, Ferdinand affectionately pressed the hand of Señor Calomarde, and said:

"My heart is now relieved of an enormous weight. I shall die in peace."

The King's health improved, and Don Francisco de Paula and his wife arrived at the capital from Seville. Their disappointment was great on learning what the King had done. But it was not long before they entered into still deeper plots than ever to defeat the real wishes of the King, and to this end they found it expedient for a time to temporize. The health of the King was still precarious, so the Queen, and Don Francisco and his spouse, Louisa Carlota, sent for the representatives of Austria, Naples, and Portugal, and requested them to effect a reconciliation between the King's family and Don Carlos. The latter was implored to pardon and forget the past, to which the readiest assent was given. Don Carlos and his family were then invited to visit the bedside of Ferdinand, although permission to even enter the anti-chamber had until then been denied them by the Queen's order. So long as the King's illness was considered dangerous, the Queen and her co-conspirators treated the other branches of the royal family with feigned kindness; but the moment he was considered convalescent, this awkward deception was thrown off, and open warfare proclaimed against Don Carlos and his friends, they being again excluded from the presence of the King.

Ferdinand VII. was now induced by the Queen to call together his cabinet, and he informed them that he wished to annul his decree of the 18th day of September, 1832, left to their care. The ministers absolutely refused to take any part in the proposed measure, and stated to the King their objections. But they were all soon dismissed

from office, and pliant partisans of the Queen were appointed to their places.

On the 6th day of October, Ferdinand made a decree, authorizing the Queen to conduct public affairs during the continuance of his illness, and this she continued to do after the bulletins had proclaimed the perfect restoration to health of the King. The dictatrix annulled the decree of September 18th, 1832, and promulgated acts never before contemplated; provincial appointments, from the governors down to the lowest officials, were conferred upon her own followers; and all officers in the army believed to be opposed to the revolutionary doctrine were immediately dismissed.

Foreign governments became alarmed at the rapid progress made by the Communists in Spain; whereupon Zea Bermudez, President of the Council, issued a circular, December 3rd, 1832, to the diplomatic representatives of Spain abroad, in which he said:

"The Queen has learned, that for some time erroneous reports have been circulated in foreign countries regarding the actual condition of affairs in Spain; that intentions have been imputed to her government which it never entertained; and that it has been supposed that a project had been formed to change the system of government. Her Majesty, desirous of correcting these errors, has charged me to make known to you the invariable course which, with the consent of her august consort, she is resolved to pursue."

Then follows a denial of the revolutionary measures which were imputed to the government. It is plain that this minister deliberately deceived others, or was himself deceived; for while this circular was being penned, schemes were actually being devised to subvert the fundamental laws of the country, and the revolution was making very rapid strides. The Liberals, aided by the Communists with their corresponding societies in other countries, were straining every nerve to establish a revolutionary government at Madrid. Louis XVIII. had also to contend against the Communists; and it was not the cause of the Bourbons alone he found himself thrown into the breach to sustain, but the thrones of all Europe.

When the Queen assumed the sovereign power, the most shameful persecutions were directed against the Infante Don Carlos. In October, 1832, while the royal family were at La Granja, a scheme was projected to banish Don Carlos to the palace of Arenus, but the threatening of the troops prevented this outrage. After the arrival in Madrid of the royal family, the notorious Andalucian bandit, José María, was sent for to manage the abduction of Don Carlos. He was concealed in the stables of one of the Queen's favorites, and one night, just before the new year, was secreted in the ambassador's room in the palace. Fortunately Don Carlos was informed of this—his family was well guarded—and the villainy frustrated. Soon after this a plot was formed to send Don Carlos and his family off to the Philippine Islands, and if they had once been embarked on board the frigate "Lealtad," as intended, they would, said some of the newspapers of the day, never have reached their destination. The Spanish people at large had a detestation for these plots, as appeared from the action of the Madrid troops. On the 1st day of November, the King had an epileptic attack; and on the 3rd, the Madrid garrison, including the royal guards and royalist volunteers, by a spontaneous movement appeared under arms. The officers of the garrison sent a deputation to Don Carlos, informing him that their object was to take the reins of government out of the Queen's hands during the King's illness, and have him appointed regent. Don Carlos disapproved of this act, and replied:

"So long as my brother lives, I will not be concerned in any act of hostility against him."

After this the officers of the garrison were dismissed, and the royalist volunteers disbanded.

The shafts of the revolutionists were continually directed at the family of Don Carlos, the Portugese Princess of Beira, his sister-in-law, as well as at the whole Conservative party. The Queen's hirelings persecuted and insulted the Princess with all the indignities they could invent, until finally she received an official notification that her brother

and sister desired to see her in Portugal, and her passports were handed to her. Disgusted with the scenes that were transpiring beneath her eyes, being in momentary personal danger, and foreseeing the calamities that must inevitably burst upon Spain at no distant day, she decided to leave the palace and the country. As it was necessary in those days in Spain to travel in large parties, accompanied by escorts of armed men, Don Carlos, whose life was daily endangered by remaining at the palace, decided to accompany the Princess to Portugal. The Spanish people were now compelled to look upon a picture of plots and counter-plots, of schemes and plans of the most disgraceful character; for the Queen's followers had boldly proclaimed their determination to accomplish their aims, even though it were "in the blood and ashes of the country."

Official application was made to Don Carlos in Portugal, to know if he would take the oath of allegiance to his niece Isabella. In reply to this request, he addressed a declaration to the King, in which he said:

"Convinced of the legitimate rights which I possess to the Crown of Spain, so long as Your Majesty has no male heir to the same, I do aver, that neither my conscience nor honor permits me to take the oath, or recognize any other than those rights, and this I solemnly declare."

On the day appointed for taking the oath, the Deputies assembled at Madrid, but the Patriarch of Toledo, who from time immemorial had always administered the oath of allegiance to the members of the Cortes, when asked to do so on this occasion, plainly refused, because, as he declared, he could not lend the sanction of his high office to what he knew to be a violation of the established law of Spain, and a positive fraud upon the rights of Don Carlos and his male heirs. The King of Naples also protested against "the fraudulent attempt to effect the eventual right of succession to the Spanish throne," as he expressed it. But the form of the *jura* was finally concluded, and then followed a pageant as brilliant as several days of amusements, fireworks, and bull-

fights could make it. The friends of the Queen thought this was enough to establish the unjust claims of her daughter Isabella to the throne, though the law of 1713, limiting the succession to the male line, had never been repealed or annulled by any competent authority.

Ferdinand VII. died September 29th, 1833, and the Queen immediately took the reins of government into her own hands as Queen Regent during the minority of her daughter, who was then two years old. The property of Don Carlos was confiscated by a decree dated October 27th; he was outlawed, and a reward was offered for his head. From this moment the revolution was successful, and the monarchical principle was abandoned.

On hearing of the death of King Ferdinand, Don Carlos proceeded toward the frontier to claim his right to the sovereignty. He sent word to General Rodil of his intention, and expressed a hope that the troops would receive him in his proper character; but Rodil replied that he would have him seized if he attempted to cross the frontier. Rodil then hired a company of two hundred freebooters and smugglers, the most desperate characters in the country, and ordered them to cross the border and either take or kill Don Carlos. Orders were sent to Rodil from Madrid to fire on all armed parties entering Spain, without distinction of persons, notwithstanding it was the custom for all families to travel with armed attendants. The Christinos, as the army of the Queen Regent was called, soon crossed into Portugal, and followed the Carlists from place to place, shooting at them whenever opportunity offered. At Guarda, the family of Don Carlos, including his three sons and the Princess of Beira and her suite, had their carriages, baggage, and plate captured, and barely escaped falling into the hands of their enemies. They were then without even a change of linen, and were forced to avoid the main roads, and travel over a great extent of barren country; their female attendants were on foot, and all were in danger, not only from the pursuit of General Rodil

and his army, but from the troops of Don Pedro, who had expelled Don Miguel from the throne of Portugal, and was acting as regent for the infant Queen Doña Maria.

In the Spanish provinces Don Carlos was proclaimed King, and the people rose quickly to arms in support of his claims. In the north of Spain the brave General Zumalacarregui soon found himself at the head of over thirty thousand men. After various vicissitudes, Charles V., as Don Carlos was now called, on the 1st day of June, 1834, embarked on board the "Donegal," a British man-of-war, for England. But before he left Portugal he wrote to Zumalacarregui that both England and France had made proposals to him to renounce his rights to the throne, but that he had not only rejected their proposals, but made known his firm resolution to render those rights available by every means in his power, compatible with his honor. The King having received a messenger from Zumalacarregui, sent him word that on the 9th of July he would place himself at the head of his troops in the north of Spain. While in London, Don Carlos stopped at Gloucester Lodge; but just before his departure for Spain he repaired to a house on Wimpole street, near Mary-le-bone lane, where he assumed the necessary disguise for the journey. In that same house ten years ago still lived the gentleman who on the night of his majesty's departure entertained him, and assisted in arranging his disguise in order to escape recognition while passing through French territory; and although more than fourscore years of age, he related to me with great vivacity the story of their unnecessary precautions. On the appointed day Don Carlos entered Spain, and took the command of his army.

On the death of Ferdinand VII., Queen Christina was unable to ask the assistance of the European governments, as that would have involved an inquiry into the rights of the respective claimants to the throne; but England was equal to the emergency, and took the lead in unjustly interfering in Spanish affairs, even more boldly than she had lately done in the internal concerns of Por-

tugal, and without any question as to who was the rightful successor to the crown. The Quadruple Alliance of 1834 was the result of this interference.

General Sarsfield had been sent to command the troops of the Queen regent in the north, but before he had been long in the provinces he informed Christina's ministers that it would be impossible to put down the Carlist rising by force. He was relieved of his command, and General Valdés appointed in his place, and the latter was in turn succeeded by General Quesada, whom Christina had bribed to desert the cause of Don Carlos. Quesada was an officer of great military ability; he served through the Seven Years' War against Don Carlos V., and was killed at the battle of Lacar in the late Carlist war.

The Queen regent had given the officers orders to exterminate her enemies. The most wanton butcheries, assassinations, and public massacres were carried into all parts of the kingdom, and fire and destruction in the Carlist provinces was the general order. Quesada was not cruel enough to suit the taste for blood of Christina, therefore he was transferred to another post, and Rodil, whose bloody record on the frontier of Portugal had excited her admiration, was given the command; but even he was soon displaced by General Mina, who received an ironical commission from the Queen Regent to *pacify* the insurgent provinces. Mina was well known as a most brutal character. In his autobiography he says, that in one of the old campaigns in Catalonia he raised the siege of Cabrara, and took possession of Castel-Fullit; that he ordered all the buildings to be destroyed because of the manner in which the inhabitants had replied to the messages he had sent them; and he says:

"Upon its ruins I ordered the following inscription to be placed: '*Aquí existió Castel-Fullit. Pueblos, tomad exemplo. No abrigueis á los enemigos de la patria.*'" (Here stood Castel-Fullit. Towns, take warning. Shelter not the enemies of your country.)

The atrocities which disgraced the early

annals of the old Carlist War were commenced by the Christinos. The first proclamation of General Rodil to his army on arriving at Vittoria from the frontier of Portugal contained the following:

"Death to any person who believes a wounded Carlist; root up every vineyard, level every crop, and burn down every house; for our gracious Queen devotes the Carlist provinces to slaughter, rapine, and fire."

It was attempted to carry this policy into effect, as was shown by the blackened and ruined walls of the Marquis of Valdespina's noble palace at Ermua, in Biscay, and the destruction of the Monasteries at Vera and Abarzuza, in Navarre, which were burned to the ground with all the important books, works of art, and manuscripts they contained. On the 19th day of July, 1834, seventy-nine friars were murdered by the Queen's followers, in their own convents in Toledo. Forty years after this event I stood upon the steps of St. Isidoro, and was informed, in all seriousness, that the brains of some of these innocent priests were fried and eaten by the populace in the streets opposite the church, amidst the most uproarious shouts. Although the story of the killing of the priests was authentic, I positively refused to believe that friars' brains could possibly have been a favorite dish even with the Christina Communists. In Tarragona, priests were killed upon the same blocks where the sheep were slaughtered; and in Barcelona and other towns they were burnt. These savage acts forced upon England and France the necessity of looking into the conduct of their revolutionary allies in Spain, and led to the Elliot Convention of 1835, which materially lessened the horrors of the war.

Don Carlos V. would have succeeded if it had not been for the armed intervention of France and England, by which the latter was induced to join in wrongfully establishing a revolutionary Queen upon the Spanish throne, in the face of the most solemn obligations of the Treaty of Utrecht. When the Seven Years' War was brought to a close, Don Carlos took refuge in France. He ab-

dicated at Bourges, May 18th, 1845, in favor of his son, Charles VI., and died at Trieste, March 18th, 1855.

About the time of the close of the Seven Years' War, Don Francisco de Paula and his wife, Louisa Carlota, were banished by Christina, and Zea Bermudez became a fugitive at the same time. The war had only just closed when Christina found herself stripped of all power by the revolutionists, and she determined to quit Spain before the arrival of Espartero, the new military dictator. She saw Espartero, however, at Valencia, and he insisted that she should leave Isabella to his guardianship. This Christina was obliged to do, and Isabella accompanied Espartero to Madrid, where he had himself proclaimed sole regent of Spain during the minority of Isabella. In the beginning of 1843, Espartero's conduct produced another revolution, and he was obliged to fly from the country. In July of that year, Castaños, Duke of Baylen, assumed the guardianship of Isabella and her sister; and Isabella, then twelve years old, was declared of age by the Cortes. Christina, who had been living in exile at Paris, was then permitted to return to Madrid, where, on the 13th of October, she publicly married Señor Muñoz, a former soldier in the Guards, for whom she had long entertained a passion that had been a matter of great scandal in the Court.

The politics of Spain were for a long time

divided into French and English parties; the first were called *Moderados*, and the latter *Progresistas*. The French party was almost invariably successful. In 1854, an insurrection broke out under General O'Donnell, who made a fusion with the *Progresistas*, and demanded the establishment of the Constitution as it stood in 1837, the dismissal of the Queen mother and the *Camerilla*, and the embodiment of the national guard; this was agreed to, and Espartero returned from exile to form the government. It was then resolved to impeach Christina, but she sought safety in flight. Espartero was overthrown by O'Donnell in 1856, and he, in his turn, was ignominiously sent into exile soon after.

Don Carlos VI., known also as the Count de Montemolin, was born in 1818, and in 1850 married the Princess Caroline, sister of Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies. The Carlist risings of 1848, 1855, and 1860 were made in support of his claims to the throne. Don Carlos and his spouse both died on the same day, January 13th, 1861, and left no children. Don Juan de Bourbon, brother of Don Carlos VI., was born in 1822, and succeeded Don Carlos in his rights to the crown of Spain. Don Juan married the Archduchess Maria Teresa of Austria, Princess of Modena, February 6th, 1847, and in October, 1868, abdicated in favor of the present Don Carlos.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## '49 AND '50.

### CHAPTER XXII.

The new moon was showing its bright rim above the dark hills, far to the north-east, when Blair and the Professor reined in their horses near a somber oak grove, a short distance from the Fort. No sound except that of the thick leaves, moved evenly and slowly

by the south wind, disturbed the stillness of this November eve. The horses, pricking their ears to catch the slightest stir, soon became convinced of the profound quiet, and stood motionless.

"We are three minutes too early," spoke Blair. "No, we are none too soon: I hear the rapid falling of hoofs upon the bridge

crossing the creek. Remember that you are to address me as 'Holmes.' We will each endeavor to learn all in our power of the particulars known to our guide; but whether that be much or little, we must obey her without hesitation."

"O my friend," replied the other, "you cannot imagine the condition of my mind! I have read of like situations, but never realized them until now."

"Take courage; your worthy wife shall again be yours, or the dictations of my instinct and reason deceive me utterly."

"Hark!"

"Yes—the Gazelle. See, she has a companion. They check their horses. Undoubtedly we have come a little farther than we should have done."

A few seconds more, and the advancing riders had arrived.

"This, lady, is Professor Monroe," said Blair to the Gazelle.

The latter, saluting the Professor, responded:

"And this, gentlemen, is a faithful friend to whomsoever is in need."

The third horseman bent his head in recognition of his new acquaintances; when the speaker added:

"To him we shall be indebted for safe guidance into the fastnesses of the hills. He speaks no English; but we have little time for talk. Señor—"

This word was no sooner pronounced than the Spaniard spurred his horse, and led the remaining three at a swift pace along the level trail running eastward.

"We must ride rapidly until we reach the hills," spoke the Gazelle. "Señor is familiar with every rod of ground between here and the place we seek."

"Too great haste is impossible," responded the Professor.

The Gazelle dashed forward in silence. A long time the party rode without a word being spoken. The moon had risen above the hills; the light was now like that of tempered day. Each tree and shrub could be distinctly seen; while an enhancing glamour concealed all roughness of outline, making

the landscape one vast scene of smoothness illuminated by subdued glory. The shadows were fainter than those of the afternoon; and where the flooding moonbeams fell, it was with a radiance so much paler than that of the sun that the line where light and shadow met became almost imperceptible. The strange and impressive beauty of vagueness dwelt far as the eye could see; while there was not a touch of the spectral to inspire the sentiment of terror. The scene was one of harmony and loveliness. Nature, unmarred by the improvements of man, having fashioned her own dim shapes at pleasure, appeared to rest and gaze in quiet delight upon the perfection of her work. All her creatures, too, were awed into silence. Scarcely anything of life was abroad. The hare, at long intervals, leaped noiselessly from the wayside into the dense shrubbery.

Not yet had the riders materially slackened their speed. The airy form of the Gazelle, clad in close-fitting garments of somber hue, was invested with a magic grace as she sped on behind the Señor in silence. Blair, though a lover of nature, could not feast his eyes wholly upon the landscape. Forest and hill were fair; but the flying lady was fairer. The almost silent voices of Nature were sweet. He would like to have stopped and listened to them; but with far greater pleasure would he have heard gentle tones from the lips of the Gazelle. At length this opportunity came. Suddenly the Señor darted from the trail, and the lady beckoned to the gentlemen to do likewise. Together they halted their panting horses, some distance from the road, when she said:

"Señor perceived riders coming over the top of yonder hill. It is better that they should pass us, ignorant of our presence."

"Might they not have her among them?" asked the Professor.

"No," responded the other, lifting her veil, and looking into the face of the distracted husband. "Two hours' brisk riding yet, before we arrive at the cañon where we are to dismount and proceed a short distance on foot to our place of destination."

Here Señor addressed some words to the

lady in his own tongue, and moved cautiously away. The sound of loud voices was now heard; and soon the character of the travelers that our friends were avoiding became evident. They were passing very slowly.

"What's the use o' talkin', Bill?" asked one.

"That's what I say," remarked another. "We've ratified her, and she's a go."

"Go and be hanged!" retorted the first speaker. "What in thunder did we want of a constitution? What's the good of a governor and a legislatur'? We were all right without 'em. Let well enough alone. Them's my sentiments."

"Why, man," was the reply, "California ought to be recognized as a member of the Union."

"Union be blowed!" was the final response; and the politicians were out of hearing.

"The recent election does not meet with universal approbation, it seems," whispered Blair.

"Señorita," interrupted the Spaniard, who had returned to her side. This was a signal for a renewal of the journey; and in a moment the riders were again galloping forward. Presently the moon lighted up the red soil of the foothills, now but a short distance ahead. It was at this point that the Señor, after holding a brief council with the lady, turned abruptly to the left, and led the party along a narrow path running at right angles to that previously followed. Whether it was because of closer contact with the various shapes of the hills that had worn up to this time a pleasing mien, or whether it was because they were approaching the dreaded cañon, a chilling sensation crept upon one and another, and the dead silence became painful. Progress was necessarily much slower. A quiet conversation would have been relieving; but none of the lonely riders appeared inclined to begin it. Finally the Gazelle, seizing a moment when Blair was by her side, said:

"It may be that bloodshed will be necessary in order to accomplish the object that brings us here. I warn you of the danger

in time, that you be prepared. The man Crowell, though highly educated, is desperate and revengeful. He is skilled in the use of arms, and does not hesitate to sacrifice the life that stands in his way."

"I know something of him from personal experience," replied Blair, revolting at the thought that as peerless a creature as the Gazelle should ever have learned of so vile a wretch's existence. "I trust that fortune has never permitted you to suffer one moment of his detestable presence?"

"He has the reputation of being exceedingly agreeable to women. Indeed, he is a favorite among the better class of Spanish-speaking ladies. Upon this fact," continued the speaker, evading an answer to Blair's question, "I base my opinion of the present safety of his last captive."

"And has he made a practice of dragging to some den of infamy whatever beautiful women he has been able to lay hands upon?"

"I believe that this recent exploit is not without a parallel in his lawless experience."

"You speak as if you were acquainted with his history."

"Unfortunately I have learned much of him since he came to California, something more than a year ago."

"May I ask you a further question?" asked Blair, fearing that his curiosity might lead him too far.

"Have you forgotten, sir, the condition upon which I undertook to guide you upon this expedition?"

"It was my deep interest in yourself, Señorita," replied the other, "that tempted me to pass the bounds prescribed."

The lady glanced at the honest, handsome features of the speaker, and gave no further answer.

"Blair," spoke the Professor aside, after they had been informed by the Señor that they drew near Anthony Cañon, "either that monster or myself must die. Every moment seems to bring a deeper feeling of dread. I fear the worst for some of us."

"It is but natural that you should. Heaven is just, however, my friend; and the victory shall be ours. Let the fearlessness of

this young woman inspire you, as it does me, with confidence."

"If I perish, you will see that she is rewarded as far as the gold that I have earned will go; that is, beyond my wife's necessities. My wife! What may not have befallen her? If she still live, it may be that she would have preferred death to what she has already undergone."

A rustling was now heard in a cluster of bushes directly to the right of Blair.

"Stand forth!" he commanded, covering the place with his rifle, "or you are a dead man!"

"Lor' sakes! Massa," came a voice, and immediately after it the upright figure of Mose.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the other. "Shall I shoot you for the worthless boy that you are?"

"Upon dis livin' nigger's soul, I'se lost. All de folks in de camp am gone. Missus Monroe am gone fust; and not a human bein' specting where she went to. We has been huntin' her all dis day. I'se powerful scare fur her."

"Where are Ensign, the Doctor, and Uncle Lish?"

"Lor, Massa, dey is, as I speechified, huntin' Missus."

"Are they near by?"

"Dey is a thousand miles from heah, for all dis nigger am knowin'."

"But what are you here for, again I ask?"

"Massa, I tole ye—I'se lost. Uncle Lish he tole me to ride down to de Fort and tell you de news. 'Bout dark I started, and dis unknown region is as far as I'se got. You nebber seed how tired dat hoss am. He's come five thousand miles, 'cordin' to my ripemtic."

"Is this your servant?" asked the lady of Blair.

"I am sorry to acknowledge it, but such he is. He never gets anything straight, nor has he one idea of honesty; though I think he is trying to tell the truth now. Mose, come here."

The latter made an effort to obey, but his old legs were almost too limber.

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"You've been drinking, you rascal," exclaimed Blair.

"I nebber denies the plain troof," replied Mose, winding his way toward the group. "Massa Swillin' he gib me his pizen; and, for fear I'd starve to deaf, I gib some to de hoss, an' tasted de least swallow myself."

"It is evident that Mose knows no more than that Mrs. Monroe is missing," said Blair; "and that the remainder of the party, ignorant of the cause of her absence, are all in quest of her. I will instruct him to remain where he is, and we will go on."

"That is the proper course," spoke the Professor. Mose was accordingly assigned a place upon his blanket under a tree, with orders not to leave it until permission had been given him.

"Señor is already returning," said the lady. "He should have met a friend during his brief absence. We will first hear what he has to communicate."

After a short consultation with the guide, she continued:

"It is as I informed you, Mr. Holmes. The captive is safe, not only, but has been treated with every mark of respect consistent with her situation. She and her captor are not in the cañon, however, where they made their first stopping-place. There being a festive assemblage of native Californian men and women upon the hight of land on the other side of the ravine, Crowell has taken the lady thither, an unwilling witness to the gayeties of the hour."

"Perdition catch his soul!" exclaimed Blair. "Let us on."

The party had soon gone as far as possible with their horses, when, dismounting, they fastened them in the bottom of the ravine, and began to scale its precipitous side. This attempt would have been impracticable, had it not been for the guidance of the experienced Spanish mountaineer. It was as if the excited and way-worn party (for they had ridden fifty miles) were suddenly set down in an unknown land of chaos. The great gorge yawned as though every moment it would close its mighty jaws and crush them between the huge, hanging boulders

and gnarled trees among which they were threading their tedious path. It was now midnight. Still the moon shone in peaceful splendor; but the beauty of nature had been transformed into grandeur that did not stop short of the terrible. With hearts beating faster, and with shortened breath, the little party climbed tardily upward, not daring to look behind them for fear the hight would make them dizzy; when, their foothold being lost, they would plunge down and down into the rocky depths below.

At last the top was reached, when the Gazelle, stepping to Blair's side with a nimbleness that proved she had experienced no more inconvenience from the journey than the men, directed his attention to a scene but a stone's throw from where they stood. A pretty sight it was, and particularly so to those who had that instant removed their eyes from the brink of the black abyss of Anthony Cañon. Upon a level spot of ground, within the radiance of a cheerfully blazing log-fire, stood a company of natives. The men, clad in short, snug jackets adorned with lace, and velvet breeches with a lustrous sash about the waist, were extending an invitation to their several partners for the next dance. The ladies, dressed as was the Gazelle when she met Blair in her own house, wore in addition the famous *rebozo*—the magic scarf wreathed about their agile persons in folds of exquisite grace. Softly now rose the inviting melodies of the guitar, and the picturesque group at once was set in easeful motion. The dancers had been sipping coffee and more inspiriting beverages between their rhythmical exercises for several hours. The blood was flowing fast through their veins; and the present was their favorite figure, a waltz of so gliding and undulating measures that it seemed as if the staid old pines ought to raise their strong roots from out the earth and move in obedience to it, as did the trees of fable to the lute of Orpheus. The large black eyes of the Gazelle glistened as she gazed; the color mounted to her rich olive cheeks; but she stood immovable in her place. She looked not upon the dancers alone. A majestic

featured man of another race sat apart from them, apparently absorbed with the alternate red and yellow volumes of flames consuming the piled logs. Absorbed in these? No; for he turned now and then to look upon a silent woman, bright and golden as a star, seated by his side. He apparently addressed an occasional word to her, but it could not be observed that she returned any answer.

At last the Gazelle, closing her lips firmly, turned her back and moved noiselessly to the great gray rock, against which leaned the Spanish guide. The Professor, pale and wearing so wild an expression that he was scarcely recognizable, pressed Blair's arm in the agony of the silence enjoined upon him.

"In the name of God," he whispered hoarsely, "can I stand here mute much longer? Let me kill him, or I myself shall die!"

"Hold a moment more," replied Blair. "Our plans must not fail. The Spaniard that we did not see is in readiness; and there are now four of us. They number but nine; and should all give us battle, we, having the advantage in point of arms, must conquer."

"My self-control is fast deserting me," responded the other, drinking in the immaculate fairness of his wife, as she sat resignedly to be breathed upon by the criminal whose blood his heart had sworn to spill. At this moment he felt the pressure of a gentle hand upon his shoulder, and heard a sweet, low voice saying these words:

"La Gazela prays you to be patient."

Blair, turning to the speaker, saw that she had slipped off her plain, outer garment, and now appeared in the costume in which he found her at her home.

"La Gazela, indeed!" he exclaimed in hushed accents, forgetting the peril in which they were so soon to engage.

"I am going forward to join the group," continued the lady. "Mr. Holmes, I have given instructions to the señors to have their rifles in readiness, with yours and the Professor's. You had best stand closely together in the shadow of yonder pine. Should I raise my hand, you are to fire upon Crowell.

Otherwise you are to remain perfectly silent until my return."

"Are you not risking your own life?" asked Blair.

"Fear not for me," answered the Gazelle, exhibiting for the first time the handle of a pistol studded with gems.

"Do you regard the Californians as friends or foes?" again inquired Blair.

"As strangers," was the reply. "Should they be in league with Crowell, though that is next to impossible, I shall soon find it out. Provided I cannot win them over —"

"We will do it," interrupted Blair. "The first intimation of offense, and he that offers it falls."

"You will wait for my signal."

"Yes," answered Blair; then bending his head close to her own, he whispered still more softly, "*I have the secret of La Gazelle.*"

The men now took their positions; and lightly, as if dropped from the floating clouds, the Gazelle glided forward and suddenly presented herself in the midst of the group, as they were about seating themselves for a final chat before separation for the night.

A more picturesque and thrilling scene cannot be well imagined. It was a picture of fairy-like beauty; the black shadows intermingling only to heighten its charm. Blair had never before found it so difficult to maintain his self-composure. For the Professor, this was impossible. He leaned forward, clutching his rifle in his rigid hands—a statue embodying the double passion of revenge and despair. The señors, wrapped in their dark mantles, stood motionless. The Gazelle, after saluting the señor that appeared to be the elder of the party, dropped upon her knees at his feet. She must have spoken, for instantly all eyes turned towards Crowell. It was then that the latter rose, and, drawing himself up to full height, addressed the señor before whom the suppliant stranger still kneeled. So loudly did he speak that Blair caught the accents of the Spanish tongue. It was evident that Mrs. Monroe, who sat calmly in her place before the grand, high-leaping fire, could understand nothing that was being said.

"The issue will lie wholly between Crowell and the Gazelle," whispered Blair. "Your wife cannot speak unless through the Gazelle as her interpreter."

The Professor appeared like one that retained the sense of sight only. He made no answer, nor did he move. Presently, the speaker having finished, the Gazelle rose and requested the golden-haired captive to draw near. Although the men under the shadow of the pine could not distinguish any words, they could easily follow the course of proceedings with their eyes. The company who had encircled the Gazelle now stood back, making room for Mrs. Monroe to come forward. As she attempted to do so, Crowell gently but firmly resisted her progress. At this instant the Gazelle sprang forward and confronted him. Haughtily the captor stood between the two women. With a satanic smile, taking Mrs. Monroe by the arm, he introduced her with great formality to the Gazelle. The bright eyes of the latter now flashing with a terrible light, she drew her jeweled pistol and demanded the captive's release. Two of the señors approached, but she waived them back.

"Would that she would shoot him to the heart!" exclaimed Blair, ready with his comrades to fire at a second's warning. Crowell, though heavily armed, had not up to this moment attempted to make use of his weapons. Now he laid one hand upon his pistol, and placing Mrs. Monroe back of him with the other, so stood in an attitude of proud and insolent defiance. Blair almost forgot his promise not to fire without the signal. Anxiously he waited for the uplifted arm. Nothing but absolute confidence in the Gazelle could have restrained him. He did not dare take time to glance at the señors by his side. He knew, however, that they were prepared as was he; and breathlessly he abided the result. It was not long in coming. Crowell had held Mrs. Monroe behind him but a moment when a shot broke the silence of the night among the hills. Crowell reeled and fell. As he did so, the Professor sprang forward, and midway between his hiding-place and the spot where his victim went

down, he also sank to the ground. Instantly Blair and his companions rushed forth; the seafors of the company drew their weapons, and the scene became one of wildest confusion. Presently the magic words, "La Gazela," were heard; and immediately all signs of hostility vanished. Every man knew that a cause in which she was engaged must be just. Eagerly the women thronged about her, and, in their own melodious language, begged of her an explanation of what had happened. A few words sufficed. The wounded man soon had not a friend among those by whom he was surrounded. Prostrate he lay, unconscious and undoubtedly dying. At last, however, he opened his eyes. His senses were called back by the pronunciation of a name that he had not heard pronounced by a stranger for many years. Mrs. Monroe, having discovered the form of her husband as he fell on his way toward her, flew to the place. Repeatedly she besought him to rouse, and bathed his pale face with her tears. All was in vain. The Professor had found his wife, but separated again from her, not to return. Tenderly they lifted him up and bore him to the light of the fire. The Gazelle immediately pronounced him dead. Having been predisposed to heart-disease from his birth, the terrible excitement of the past few hours had terminated fatally. He had fallen with his foe.

"Oh, Mr. Blair! My husband! my husband!"

It was this cry from the lips of the despairing captive that had gained her freedom at so dear a price, that roused expiring Crowell.

"Who—where? Who is Blair?" he asked, faintly.

"I am he," responded Blair.

"My God! My God!" gasped the other. "You are Mortimer Blair, and I am Julius Blair, your brother!"

"Just Heaven!" cried the young man, taking the hand of the speaker in his own, "how could this have been permitted!"

"Forgive me," continued the elder; "and God be thanked that I did not succeed in doing you the harm I intended!"

"All is plain now. Something has con-

tinually prevented me from revenging the wrongs you have committed against me and those dear to me. Kind nature warned me, in mysterious but emphatic language, not to take upon myself the guilt of so unnatural a deed. I see in your face the old family features. Julius, would to God that we might have remembered one another only as children!"

"It is too late to explain. Grant me your forgiveness, and I will cheerfully yield my miserable life in expiation of my crime. All the years since we were boys together have not been passed in deeds wicked as was this my last. I would ask charity from none but yourself and one other."

"And who is that," returned Blair, bending closely over his brother, his own face pale as that whereon lay the blight of death.

"The Gazelle!" was the faint reply. "I have wronged her above all others. She is pure and beautiful as the sky whence I brought her hither. My brutal assaults against her spotless virtue—all of them has she baffled. She may not speak ill of my entire conduct toward her; but it has been base enough. Let me crave her pardon, and commend her to your care; then leave me to die as I deserve, alone in my wretchedness."

"Brother, I forgive you, from my whole heart."

"No more! No more!" answered the other, in a much weaker voice than that in which his last words were uttered. He was suffering intense agony, though not a muscle of his face quivered in response to the inward pain. "I have but little time left," he continued. "In my pocket you will find a paper, showing you the place near the cabin I last occupied where is concealed a quantity of gold and precious stones, and several thousand dollars in money. Do me the kindness to take it in keeping for the Gazelle. It will amply supply her needs for the remainder of her days. Let me but look upon her once more, and hear from her lips some word of pardon; then I pray that you both will forget that I have ever lived."

It will be remembered, that when the Gazelle came into Blair's presence at her house in Sacramento she changed color, and did

not appear at ease until she had asked his name and been answered that it was "Holmes." Frequently thereafter she cast inquiring glances into her visitor's face, which the latter naturally mistook for endeavors to become satisfied of his honesty of purpose. The truth was, she detected in his handsome features a resemblance to those of the man whose nefarious plans she had determined to frustrate. Blair's precaution to conceal his name, though he had small reason for so doing, proved, therefore, of the highest importance to his success. Had he acknowledged the name of Blair, probably he could not have gained the confidence of the Gazelle; and even had he won it, the situation would have been trebly intricate and embarrassing. The Gazelle was not less astounded than her wounded enemy when Mrs. Monroe, during her lamentations, uttered the name of Blair. Upon hearing it her former suspicion revived, and she knew the men that she had lately addressed as Crowell and Holmes to be brothers, before the elder openly avowed the relationship. Oppressed with conflicting emotions, she immediately retired a short distance from the company, and resigned herself to saddest reflection. In this condition she was found when summoned to the side of Julius Blair. The color had gone from her cheeks, her black hair flowed back from her forehead, showing with strange beauty beneath the beams of the setting moon. The dying man turned towards her an imploring look as she approached. An expression of genuine sorrow and contrition overspread his features. The bold and hardened adventurer was now tender and penitent as a child.

"I am dying," said he. "I have wronged you beyond the power of speech to convey; and yet I was blessed with the momentary hope that your generous nature could not deny some slight token of forgiveness before I go to answer for my offenses before the final tribunal."

These words were uttered with an almost resistless power. The speaker was one that possessed the rare faculty of bringing the mind of another into unison with his own.

Notwithstanding the grievous injury the Gazelle had received at his hands, he had always been able to exercise a certain mental control over her. He was to her an object of hatred; still, unless in a moment of highest excitement, she could not have done him harm. If it were possible, it was her purpose to save his life upon the present occasion. Hence the strict injunction given those under the shadow of the pine to await her signal. The frenzy of the Professor, however, had prostrated her design. Nevertheless, it was perhaps better that he did so; for as she stood before him and demanded the release of his prisoner, the remembrance of his offenses rushed upon her with such vehemence that she all but resolved to destroy him with the costly weapon she pointed at his breast. It was his own gift to her, and he himself had trained her to use it. At that moment the blood mounted hot into the flushed face of the Gazelle. Now, having taken the sober afterthought, and being called to hear the fallen man beseeching pardon from her with his last breath, she appeared, as has been said, an altogether different creature. Her ashen lips quivered as she made reply.

"Heartless mortal!" said she, in tones that caused Mortimer to shudder as he listened to them, "it was you that bore me from my home and kindred; that robbed my youth of its innocent joys; that imperiled my life, and what is dearer than life. It is because of you that I have been left alone in this strange and savage land; because of you that I look forward into a dark future unlighted by a solitary gleam of hope. Such is our relation; and, conscious of it, you now ask my forgiveness. Take it. In the presence of your honored and broken-hearted brother; of this beautiful woman of whom you sought to make another slave to your desire—she that now bends speechless with agony over the body of her dead husband; of these friends whose blood is kindred to mine own; and last, in the presence of Him that is the Maker of all, the Ruler and Judge of all—I utterly absolve thee!"

"Let me die!" gasped the wretched man. These were his last words; and the pale

face of the Gazelle was the last vision of earth that he beheld.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

It is now December. Our friends, all but the missing one, are again together in Camp Harrington. The Professor lies buried where he fell, not far from the grave of Julius Blair. For several days Mrs. Monroe could not be induced to leave the place; finally, however, she was persuaded to again rejoin her companions. It was feared by the Doctor that she would be prostrated with severe illness; but her strength of mind and will soon carried her out of the reach of danger. She clings closely to Mrs. Durgin. The latter is to her an angel of healing. Not yet has she rehearsed the terrible trial of her captivity. Her thoughts all center upon the one that is no more among them. Mrs. Durgin continually strives to direct their conversation into diverting channels; and in this effort she is occasionally successful. The protracted absence of Ensign gave her an opportunity for much conjecture foreign to the one theme occupying her friend's mind. He left the camp to search for Mrs. Monroe, in company with the other men. Soon they separated, taking different routes. The Doctor and James, having traveled until night, returned to camp.

The trapper came back early the next morning. Ensign, however, whom none of the other three had seen since the separation, did not come. Three days passed, but nothing could be seen or heard of him. It was not until some days after both Blair and Mrs. Monroe had returned that he presented himself among them. So great a change had overtaken him that the party looked upon him as one risen from the grave. Supported between two miners, he showed the thinness and pallor of a ghost. The Doctor immediately took him in charge, while the miners told his story as he had told it to them. It seems that, after having wandered far from any white settlement, he found him-

self without a mouthful to eat. Lying down upon the damp ground, he passed his first night in deep sleep. When he woke, late the next morning, he had contracted a severe cold, and was scarcely able to walk. He took, however, what he supposed to be a homeward path, and traveled, as best as he was able, until the second night. Having found nothing but a few nuts to eat, upon the third day he was nearly famished. He had his rifle and saw plenty of game, but he had no means of starting a fire. The directions that he had taken thus far, all appeared to be equally misleading. Once more he took his reckoning from the sun, and made another attempt. Night came, finding him still a wanderer, suffering terrible torture from the pangs of hunger, and scarcely less from his swollen feet and limbs. As the darkness fell, he sought refuge in the hollowed trunk of a tree standing upon a hill. Presently he discovered a light. This gave him new courage; and summoning all his remaining strength, he pushed forward toward it. Fortunately it proved to be not far distant; and, in the course of an hour, he was safely housed in the cabin of the men that finally conducted him to Camp Harrington. For several days he lay in the strangers' quarters, fearing that each one would be his last. His vigorous constitution conquered, however, sufficiently to enable him to be moved; when, after a painful journey, he was, in the condition before described, again restored to his friends.

It affected Mrs. Monroe deeply to witness the effect of the hardships endured by Ensign on her account. She omitted to do him no kindness in her power.

"My only regret is," he replied one day, to her expressions of sympathy, "that after all, I could be of no service."

These words were the first that served to rouse Mrs. Monroe, and lead her back upon the brightening path that brought her to her former self.

After Ensign, the most frequent subject of the ladies' conversation was the Gazelle. Why, in consideration of her intense interest in Mrs. Monroe, could she not be persuaded

to make them a short visit? She had remained with her until her departure from the Spanish camp; when, in spite of the united entreaties of Mrs. Monroe and of Blair, she returned to Sacramento. Mrs. Monroe considered herself indebted to her for an escape from the sickness that Doctor Durgin thought must necessarily follow her cruel experience.

"What is she like?" asked Mrs. Durgin.

"I know not how to make any comparison," was the reply. "She is wedded loveliness and wisdom. I have defined her features as best I could; but she is surrounded by an atmosphere of mysterious grace wholly new to me, and beyond the gift of description. As she stood defying him that now fills a dishonored grave, I knew that I should never again behold another sight so beautiful. With all her sweetness of expression, a wild and truly terrifying light flashed from her black eyes, that should have struck the coward to earth. At once I recognized in her an injured woman." Here the speaker became silent.

"Mr. Blair is unwilling to speak of the Gazelle; I wonder why," returned Mrs. Durgin, both to gain information and to break the spell that had fallen upon her companion. "She must have made a lasting impression upon him, whatever was its character."

"His brother's death is cause enough for the silent moods so frequently visiting him."

"Poor man! His noble nature has received a frightful shock. I never knew one so thoroughly unselfish. His efforts are ever in behalf of others, at whatever inconvenience or sacrifice to himself. I do not see how the Gazelle could help loving him. Perhaps it is foolish, at any rate I have been led to believe so of late, but I am unable to separate love and romance. Nothing would give me more pleasure, than, after all this mystery and sorrow, to see La Gazela become the bride of Captain Blair."

"I have thought of it with much the same feeling; but there is small chance, I fear, of so happy a union. Nature is exceedingly jealous of our joys. Often she withholds

them from us; and, not less frequently, takes them back to her own breast just at the time that we have learned to thoroughly love and appreciate them."

The speaker again became silent, and the cheering words of Mrs. Durgin proved once more unavailing. The way of life looked too dark as yet to the bereaved one. The denser blackness had broken, but the light struggling in was still feeble. Camp Harrington had already seen sorrow enough for a lifetime. All had suffered; Mrs. Monroe, Blair, Ensign, and Mrs. Durgin receiving the deeper wounds.

Pecuniarily, they were prosperous. The late disaster threw them into temporary confusion, causing considerable delay; but the work was again going forward, and the yield as plentiful as before. Ensign, though unable to labor, received his daily proportion of the gold taken out, while the widow was credited with a double share. Blair now felt himself charged with new responsibilities. Indeed, he considered that Mrs. Monroe had been left in his care. At once he volunteered to escort her back to her home in the East. It was her preference to remain. This decision being made, he had but to manage her finances, and see that she enjoyed every possible comfort.

There was a further duty, equally sacred, imposed upon Blair. His brother had intrusted to him a large property, to be held for the use of the Gazelle. Aside from and beyond this duty, he cherished the hope that he might be permitted to make the Gazelle his own, the one object for which he was to live. He had used every endeavor to have her come for a short time to Camp Harrington. This she positively refused to do. They had a long and earnest conversation previous to her return to Sacramento.

"No, Mr. Blair," said she at this interview; "you deceive yourself. I should not contribute to your happiness. Though I am innocent, you must ever associate me with the fall of your brother. True, he abandoned himself to wickedness; but he was your brother. Now that he cannot hear them, I cannot make charges against his charac-

ter; and without doing so, I should be unable to make fair my own reputation."

"Dear lady, I ask not a word of your history: I know enough. We met in an evil hour; but pray let good come of it. Permit me at least, as far as I may be able, to repair my brother's wrongs. He took you from your home; let me give you another, or go with you in search of the one you left behind."

"I can never go back to my people; and I am not worthy to accept the proposed alternative. My life were better lived alone. So situated, I may do a little good; certainly I need bring no harm to another."

"You pain me," replied Blair. The intensity of Blair's speech touched a new chord in the heart of his hearer. She looked upon him with an expression of most melancholy loveliness, then answered:

"I would lay down my life more willingly than I would do that with which you have now charged me. It was the nobility of your nature that made me speak as I did. It may be that I err; if so, 'tis unknowingly. Think a moment. My mother endowed me with beauty: it is impossible for me not to know it. It is that—my face, not my heart—that you see; and that the years will soon change."

"A more cruel judgment was never pronounced upon man," returned Blair, the fire leaping into his large eyes. "During the few hours that we have been together, have I spoken, have I acted, as a boy? Never before did woman hear like words from my lips, and never—"

"Pray let your speech be calm," interrupted the other. "We cannot be both impasioned and wise."

"I know my own heart," continued Blair, eloquent in manner as in language. "I have laid it bare before you. And it must not be stained with a blot that, thank God! could never fall upon it. It is *you* that I love. Your face indeed is beautiful; but dear to me only because it is a part of you. Your heart, which you declare I do not see, has risen again and again into that face. To know the one is to know the other. We are both alone in the world," continued the

speaker, solemnly. "In contemplation of what we might be to each other, is it right that we should so remain?"

Blair involuntarily extended his hand, and again clasped that of the Gazelle. She raised her soft, lustrous eyes to him, and said: "Would, then, a man of your lofty principles be content with a waif rescued from the tables of the gamblers?"

"Never a syllable of your history need be made known to me. I ask for your present and your future. The past, both yours and mine, I would obliterate."

It was all that Blair could do to keep from folding the Gazelle in his arms. Perhaps she felt this; for she withdrew her hand, saying:

"If you know me, sir, you will understand my meaning when I ask you to give me a short time for reflection. The woman that might have taken the life of your brother must further prove to herself the purity of her own soul before she would dare to entrust it to the keeping of one too just to be his avenger.

Such was a portion of Blair's final conversation with the Gazelle. Naturally enough, it was continually in his mind. She would not touch the gold and jewels left to him in trust for her. She would not give him a positive answer as to her future course. Nevertheless, he believed she loved him; and the more he dwelt upon her hesitation, the more magnified did her intrinsic worth appear. He was to meet her again on the 8th of January at her own home. The time seemed long; and it could not be expected that Blair would be wholly himself during this trying interview. He was a man that took no pleasure in confidants. He hinted to Ensign something of the nature of his feeling toward the Gazelle; further than this, he kept his own secret. James asked a thousand questions, and even Uncle Lish evinced a decided curiosity to learn many facts exceedingly slow to be discovered.

"I told you, Cousin Mortimer," said James, "that the Gazelle had a beautiful face. Whatever you may think about it, Mrs. Monroe cannot express one-half her admir-

tion. Why will you not admit the fact, and give me credit for sound judgment? There was some excuse for your smiling over my enthusiasm at the *Oro*; but now that you have seen her with your own eyes, and I doubt not talked more with her than I shall ever be able to prove, you have no longer the right even to *think* a smile."

"Would you like to see the Gazelle again?" asked Blair.

"I would give one-third of my gold to be with her an hour," was the response.

"Could you look her in the face and tell her that you had been leading such a life here as would fit you for her presence?"

"Cousin," responded James, slowly, "I have been a little wild, but never unkind. If the Gazelle had been here, I know my conduct would have been better."

"And Mary! Should she not have been constantly with you in spirit? How dare you say again that you love her?"

"I forget," sighed James, removing his glasses and wiping them upon his woolen sleeve; "forgetting, that is my fault! Is a man to be cast off from all good influence simply because his memory betrays him? A certain Roman located his faults in the stars; another placed his in himself; I put my own in my memory. No matter to what extremes I may have gone, often as remembrance brings back Mary I become as sober as the most sedate deacon."

There was a slight accent of jest in the pronouncing of the above words. A few weeks before, James could not have entertained the thought of employing it upon so serious a theme. Blair perceived that his sensibilities were somewhat dulled. Generous hearted as he was, already he had imbibed enough of the prevailing indifference pervading the very air the miners breathed to cause him to take matters as they came, and to give himself little further thought or trouble. The abduction of Mrs. Monroe, the loss of her husband, and the death of his own cousin—none of these disturbed him as much as they did any other of the company, Mose excepted. No amount of training could lead him to the countenance of

crime, much less to its commission; but he was so absorbed, so wrapped up in his prosperity, that, as he himself expressed it, it was easy for him to "forget."

"Certain things have got to come," he remarked to Uncle Lish, when he learned what had happened at the Spanish Camp. "And," he added, digging vigorously, "let 'em come."

The last words bringing to his mind the famous utterance of Patrick Henry, he entered into a lofty eulogy of the patriot. When he had finished, the trapper laid his brown, hard hand upon the speaker's shoulder, and said:

"Young man, whisky is a fust rate thing to limber up a feller's tongue with, but it sets his morals stiff as a ramrod. It's got the best o' smarter chaps than you be; and ef you will take an' ole coon's advice, jest drap it. I tried drinkin' onct. I had ten squar' years on't; and, to make a long story short, them let me plumb out. Any man with gin in the head scatters like an old shotgun. I wouldn't trust him with the pelt of a jackass-rabbit. Yes, sir; in some o' his cursed tantrums he would as likely as not swap his own grandmother for a squaw—derned if I ain't talkin' gospil."

The trapper was in a fitting mood to deal somewhat sharply with the wayward son of Swansea. After waiting a long time for Blair to recover his spirits, he had, a few hours before, made bold to apologize for certain offenses that he imagined himself to have committed. He did not succeed to his own satisfaction, and his reflections upon his failure induced an unusual irritability of temper.

"Cap'ain," said he, "I feel too dern sheepish to keep still any longer. The upshot on't is, I've broke my contract."

"How so, Uncle Lish," asked the other.

"Why, dern my hide! what good was I when we turned out to hunt Miss Monroe? Arter all, near as I can diskiver, it was left for another woman to find her. I swings, I hev lived with the Injuns so long that I've forgot how to foller a white man's trail. Another thing, I ought to a knowed better

than to have been huntin' your own blood relation under any circumstances. You are younger than I be. You has excuse for not seein' differences in folks like what we hev in this yer country. "Tain't so with me. I ought to a knowed, and stopped this whole dern business. Cap'ain, I'm dev'lish sore on this p'int. I hate to trouble you with a word o' this sort; and I hain't said, now, the first thing I started out to. I never was no talker; but I vow, I thought I could *do* suthin' when called on; partic'lar as the job was right in my line o' business."

"I am well aware," said Blair, taking advantage of an embarrassing pause, "that you have not expressed your thoughts. I can easily decipher them without further words. You have done your duty, Uncle Lish; I could not have asked more of you."

"Thankee, Cap'ain," returned the trapper, edging away. "I knowed you'd understand me. Beg parding for sayin' it to your face, but you are the likeliest young man I ever laid eyes on. Fact is, that's why I can't talk. Arter all, it's you instead o' me that I'm so derned sorry for."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

The month of December brought frequent rains. These somewhat retarded the labors of the miners, and induced, with the aid of improper food, an increase of various forms of disease. There was much less sickness, however, in the hills than in the settlements upon the plains. The suffering in Sacramento, for example, was not appreciated until the disaster of January 8th caused a general exhibition of the wretched patients that had been slowly dying in by-places where few found occasion to inquire. It is not surprising that the Gazelle was anxious to return to her home. She gave reason enough for so doing; but there was the further duty, imperative as it was distasteful and dangerous, of caring for the helpless victims of most horrible disorders. Had Blair suspected the exposure to which she was constantly subjecting

her life, he could not have suffered her to leave him. Our friends at Camp Harrington, using every caution for the preservation of health, toiled on, through sunshine and rain, until the opening of the new year.

"The sun comes up and the sun goes down,  
And day and night are the same as one;  
The year grows green and the year grows brown;  
And what is it all when all is done?  
Grains of somber or shining sand  
Sliding into or out of the hand!"

This sentiment was experienced by Mrs. Monroe; but, altogether, the hours were passing more happily. Ensign was nearly well again, while Blair had largely recovered his usual spirits. A shadow now and then crossed the latter's face; but once more his conquerer's smile was seen, and his encouraging voice heard both in labor and in rest. The Doctor having endured great privation for some weeks past, now occasionally opened his pent cisterns of jollity, infusing robust merriment into every heart.

"I declare," said he to Blair, "when I recall the vicissitudes through which we have passed, I actually find more to laugh about than I do to cry over. Maybe I am impervious to despondency. If so, thank Heaven for 't! I tell you, my glorious fellow, there is no philosophy in continuous moaning. I am far from advocating Brother Swilling's views. After all, there is a good fat kernel of truth in the crude optimism. I deeply sympathize with you; but when I reflect upon your untiring performance of every duty, of your disinterested effort in behalf of those by whom you are surrounded, I know that you must feel a mighty consolation, able to support you under the direst affliction. The man that does his part earns his peace with his fellow-creatures and with his God. It cannot be withheld from him. Mrs. Monroe has been visited with a most bitter experience; but it could not crush her. She is too healthful. Naturally her thoughts and feeling lean toward the one that can best supply the fallen pillar that was her stay. Does it detract from her womanhood because, all but unconsciously, she permits Ensign to feed her

starved condition? A philosopher has said, that in order to live we must *eat*. The mind, the heart, must take its nourishment; and until appetite returns, the patient remains a mental, spiritual, or physical invalid. When nature says, 'Be healed!' I claim that we ought to use every effort to effect restoration. Two courses only are open to the man or woman that thinks: either to get well or die. Self-imposed invalidism is an affront to the benevolent Physician and Father, the Creator and Preserver of all that he has made. Now do you know what I am coming at?" continued the Doctor, putting his arm inside Blair's, and walking slowly toward camp.

"I have my suspicions," was the reply.

"Certainly," responded the other, laughing very moderately for him. "I have hinted as much many times before. Now see to it, my brave boy, that you do not return to these diggings without the little angel doctress. Madeline prays for her every night, and her prayers must be answered. Lead hither the Gazelle, and we'll all be happy yet!"

Blair made no promises, except that, if life were spared him, he would safely convey the second earnings of the company to market. Uncle Lish was fearful that he would be unable to reach Sacramento, because of the swelling of the streams by the late rains. Blair must have an assistant; and James was the only one that could be spared. Accordingly, the two made preparation for departure. Uncle Lish did a vast deal of squinting skyward.

"Cap'ain," said he, "ef you don't git wet 'fore we meet agin, I'm no prophet. You needn't be alarmed about things in Camp Harrington. It's a derned sight safeter place than Sacramento this time o' year, or any other time. That thar town is a comfortable spot for water-rats; but 'tain't no place for human bein's. I know the lay of the land above, and jest how the streams run. I told some of the big fellers last summer what to be lookin' out for this fall. I didn't charge nothin' for 't; but maybe they'll wish they hed listened a minute to the opinion of the old trapper. Cap'ain, don't lose no time.

When business is done, do you git for the hills."

Uncle Lish's advice seemed rather uncalled for to James Swilling; but before he reached the Fort he began to realize its propriety and value. After many hairbreadth escapes, wet as the water through which they had waded and swam, the cousins finally arrived safely at the Fort, on the evening of the 8th of January. Their horses were so exhausted that they could have gone little farther; and they themselves were not in a much better condition. Blair had hoped to arrive in the morning, for this very night he was to meet the Gazelle. It was now nearly nine o'clock; but, fatigued as he was, he procured dry clothing from the Captain, and at a late hour sought the home of his hopes and of his heart.

He had no more than reached the outskirts of the settlement when he was informed that the waters were backing into the lower part of the town. The night was dark. He knew not how far he would be able to go, but he pushed on. Soon the raging flood prevented his progress. People were flying wildly in all directions. Huge boxes of merchandise and disjointed fragments of buildings swept by on the resistless current flowing through the streets. What was he to do? It was impossible for him to reach the house whither he was hastening. He knew that the waters were already dashing against the little tenement occupied by the Gazelle. "She will be drowned!" thought Blair, forgetting his own imminent danger. Just at that moment a man hurried by him, saying:

"Follow me, and we will go up into the top of that two-story building."

There was no alternative; and he hastened, with an aching heart, to the proffered place of refuge. Upon his arrival he found that many had preceded him. These were cursing and carousing in a manner impossible for him to understand. Some of them knew that their property, much of it very valuable, was being swept beyond their reach; but they greeted the destruction with jest and laughter.

"Got my wife and babies out in time," said one; "that's all I care."

"I had no wife or babies to get out," said another; "and that's all I care."

"Well, I managed to corral a two-gallon jug of somebody's whisky," spoke a third. "I am satisfied."

Upon this the liquor was passed. Though Blair was glad enough to partake of it, for he had eaten nothing since morning, his thoughts revolted against the spirit of revelry by which he was surrounded. His was not an exceptional situation; nor was the conduct of his companions different from that of the majority of the flooded inhabitants. On all sides, amidst the rushing of the waters and the crashing of the heavy burdens they bore, sweeping one against the other, could be heard cries of defiant mirth. Little could be seen; but through the darkness ever came the shouts of a reckless multitude, taking pains to save nothing except their own lives and those of their immediate friends. In an hour the town was under water, the current running along many of the streets with great swiftness.

"Is there no such thing as procuring a boat?" inquired Blair, exceedingly anxious within, but cool in his demeanor.

"A boat!" answered one. "I know where there is one to be had for a thousand dollars."

"Where is it?"

"You don't wish to pay that sum for it, do you?"

"I will give that amount for a safe boat delivered at this building within ten minutes."

"It's a bargain. Put up your mud."

"Bring your boat," responded Blair, counting out the gold pieces.

"Here it is," was the reply; and the speaker, opening a door leading to the attic, exhibited a new boat that had that day been first used upon the river.

"Is there a sailor here?" asked Blair.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded a burly fellow.

"Will you row for me, or do any other work that I may require during the night, for fifty dollars an hour?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"I thought I should find a sale for the 'Julia' by holding on a little," spoke the former owner of the boat, jingling his coin in his trousers pocket as Blair and the sailor descended the stairs, bearing the expensive article upon their shoulders.

"A way-up price," spoke another. "That fellow means business. He's got something on the string."

"A mighty peert appearin' cuss," said a third.

"That he was," rejoining a fourth. "He will waltz something or somebody through before morning."

"Isn't there a light in that shanty sailing along there?" interrupted the first speaker.

"By jove, there is!" cried a man that knew the structure by the peculiar shape of the window through which the light was visible. "And it's Greer's hospital; full of the worst lot of dying wretches that I ever saw in my life. I was there with Dr. Gray just this morning."

"That's rough, by thunder!" exclaimed one that had not opened his mouth before.

Blair and the sailor, having struck out in the direction of the Gazelle's house, crossed the path of this shanty but a few feet in front of it. The current was so strong that they were obliged to remain very near while it passed. As it did so, Blair caught a glimpse of a form that he knew but too well. He could not be mistaken. It was she; it was the Gazelle! Instantly he ordered the boat veered about; and after a vigorous struggle succeeded in jumping upon the veranda of the floating dwelling. First satisfying himself that he was correct in pronouncing the flitting form to be that of the Gazelle, he lashed the boat to the building, and, leaving the sailor outside, climbed to one of the upper windows and entered. The sight that then met his gaze was enough to daunt the heart of the strongest man. Stretched upon the floor lay a dozen living bodies wrapped in blankets; while moving among them, in their filth and disease, glided the Gazelle, followed by a young man, her only attendant. Foul smells pervaded the apartment, and

groans continually rose from the hopeless sufferers. For a moment Blair was spell-bound. The Gazelle looked careworn. Frequently she cast her eyes out into the darkness; then renewed her ministrations toward the distressed.

"Thank God, I have found her!" Blair exclaimed, scarcely knowing that he spoke.

Unable to wait longer, he now crept inside, and suddenly stood beside the Gazelle, who, her back being toward him, was unaware of his presence. As she rose from the side of her patient, Blair gently put his arms about her, saying:

"I have come."

The Gazelle made no reply, but leaned with uplifted eyes against his breast. It was a dire situation for the betrothal of lovers. A crash was heard, and the two were hurled to opposite sides of the room. Instantaneously the waters rushed in. Blair saw that the house was separating. He sprang across, and seizing the Gazelle bore her to the porch to which the boat was fastened. Fortunately, the half of the dwelling on which they were became wedged between two trees, and was brought to a stop. The other half was already torn away and carried out of reach.

"We must save some of the sick," cried the Gazelle.

"Not one is left," answered Blair. "The small space upon which we stand is the only dry spot remaining."

"Every man of 'em is overboard," cried the sailor, from the roof.

"How dreadful!" sighed the Gazelle.

"We have but to care for ourselves now," returned Blair. "Those poor wretches will soon be out of their misery. We are not yet safe."

"I know; but think how woefully sad! I too must have been swept away, had it not been for you."

"Heaven is just," answered Blair, "You were preserved for me. But we must hasten. The boat is unharmed. Sailor, do you suppose we can pull safely to that light?"

"Ay, ay, sir. If you will take an oar with me, we can hold her steady to any point you say."

"Would there be any use of trying to get to your house?" asked Blair of the Gazelle.

"None, whatever," was the answer. "Fortunately, yesterday I moved my furniture into a large two-story building, where it will be safe."

"The gods are with us," responded Blair. "Now let us take the boat."

It was midnight. The "City of the Plain" consisted of a few of its former buildings, into the tops of which were crowded its inhabitants. These could be distinguished by the lights gleaming above the on-rushing sea. All had been warned, but no preparations had been made against the disaster that at last had come. The majority of the frail, low tenements were either already swept away or biding that near fate. There was neither time nor means to secure anything more than human lives; and not a few of these were lost. Greer's hospital did not share a destruction without its parallel in the lower lands of the settlement. There was this alleviating fact, that death came in the guise of a blessing to like wrecks of slow and torturing disease. The reader would shudder at details that might be given from memoranda taken down by the Gazelle during her experience as physician to those unable to pay doctors' bills. More shocking deaths than many that occurred in Sacramento during the fall of '49 are not upon record.

Vigorously Blair and the sailor plied their oars. It was not very long before the sound of the mad waters was left behind, and the Gazelle safely brought to land not far from the Fort.

"I pity my poor Indian girl," said she. "She is in the building with my furniture; and though safe herself, she will cry the night long for me."

"We will go to her early in the morning," replied Blair.

"Cousin Mortimer! Heaven be praised!" suddenly came a deep, croaking voice, and, close in its wake, a tall youth overcome with joy. James had not missed his opportunity to partake of the Captain's fluid bounties; but he was enough himself to be anxious for

the safety of his relative, and greatly rejoiced at his arrival. He swung the lantern in his hand very recklessly; nevertheless, its uncertain beams soon revealed to him the form of the Gazelle. His language and manner after this discovery were too ludicrous to form a part of so melancholy a chapter.

Blair was thoroughly fatigued. He could

do no more himself; but he sent the sailor and one of the Captain's men to perform whatever kindness they might be able. This done with thankful heart, his soul filled with purest happiness, he once more entered the hospitable home of Captain Sutter, leading with him the fairest of women, the angel of mercy, known as "The Gazelle."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

### BE HAPPY, HAPPY LITTLE MAID.

Be happy, happy little maid,  
Under the rose in blossom!  
Whitely flutter its petals down  
Over thy whiter bosom.

Beauty and sunshine thine to-day,  
With never thought of sorrow;  
Though barren thorn and a cloudy sky  
Be thine upon the morrow!

INA COOLBRITH.

### THE WILDS OF THE DARIEN.—III.

Having failed three times to reach this Cana of the Wilderness, having three parties lost, demoralized, and defeated, I began to mistrust the reputed charm in this odd number, and to be somewhat disposed to believe, with the natives, in supernatural agencies.

It is a common belief with these people, that there are evil spirits which haunt the abandoned mines at Cana, and which defeat the purposes of all who attempt to reopen them. The many attempts and failures but confirm them in this belief. But we were determined to try once more. With some difficulty we succeeded in getting two men for packers, and decided to take the bush this time without guide or compass, trusting to that kind providence which intervened in my behalf on a former occasion.

We were industriously engaged in gouging out, by the aid of knife and magnifying-glass, innumerable infinitesimal insects imbedded in our ulcerated feet, when in stalked Mr. Reede, much to our surprise and pleasure. He was accompanied by Sylvester Newcomb, a man in every way suited to the occasion. He had been frequently mentioned as more experienced in bush life and mining than all others in these parts. I was pleased with him, and rejoiced when he told me he wanted to go to Cana with me.

The following morning we were off. We went without Mr. Reede, and our emergency man failed us in our emergency. We had to take *Caballo Viejo*, and although old and infirm we concluded that he might be of service, as he had been at Cana. We found

Mr. Newcomb all and more than report had made him; intelligent, genial, and altogether agreeable, as well as useful.

We retraced our steps over the trail, and reached the old camp on the Paca River in five days. In the morning we ascended the mountain. So far, all was plain sailing. Now we were to find the way down, and to the Rio Grande. There appeared to be no trouble about this, and down we went on a plain, direct ridge, congratulating ourselves on the fortunate discovery. It became rather steep, but that was nothing. We were cheered by the sight of a *cabrado*, which we were told crossed our route about this place. After lunch, Mr. Newcomb and Paulino concluded to make a reconnaissance before going forward with the packs. They were gone a long time, and, when they returned, reported that they had followed the *cabrado* down to the old camp, and saw no way to get on the adjacent mountain. We returned to camp, and determined to make it a base for explorations, until the proper route was found. In the morning Mr. Newcomb and two men started for explorations. They were gone two days, and reported having traveled a great distance, and having evidently reached a great height, as the water running out of the side of the mountain was as cold as ice. We started the next morning with Mr. Newcomb, Paulino, and "Old Hoss," leaving Solano in camp. We went up the mountain again to try and find the hidden route. We had not gone far before we heard the admonitory thundering challenge of wild hogs. They were preparing for fight. Being thus warned, we proceeded cautiously, looking in the mean time for a favorable tree to climb. Here they came, a full troupe, charging down on us, pell-mell. We at once exercised our usual discretion by climbing up a friendly vine. Mr. Newcomb and the men all followed our wise example. My feet were just free from the ground when the infuriated animals were at my heels, gnashing their tusks, and foaming with impotent rage. They in all probability had never seen man before, and when they saw us up the trees, like so many monkeys, they were evidently

disconcerted; and must have concluded, after due consideration of grunts, that, if we were not monkeys, they were at a loss to know what we were, and fortunately gave us the benefit of the doubt. They retired disconcerted, and we were allowed to proceed on our exploration.

We cut our toilsome way up the mountain, and continued to cut all day, until night overtook us, and we were compelled to lie down on the mountain-side. In the morning we cut on down the mountain, and came to a creek; following it down, taking advantage of its bed to avoid the dense growth of grass, which lines its banks with the sharp saw-teeth.

This *cabrado* evidently emptied into the Rio Grande, and we followed down its tortuous course, turning hither and thither, dallying and delaying, as if reluctant to part with its waters. We found ourselves swallowed up in it. No escape now; we had allowed ourselves to be charmed on, and here we were taken in and done for. The only way open to us now was the mouth, if we could ever get to it. So on we crawled, waded, and groped our way, clambering over logs hour after hour. The stream now became narrower. We were evidently in the neck of the monster. We crawled through it, and were at the mouth; but instead of rejoicing, we could but despair, as there appeared no way for us to get out. There we were, all huddled up together in water up to the center of our bodies. The mouth was closed, and not likely to be opened soon. There was a huge tree, which the monster had attempted to swallow, but having taken it lengthwise, it had choked up the mouth, so that we could neither see under nor over it, nor how to get out. Mr. Newcomb finally clambered up the bank, and shouted out to us:

"Here is the spirit-land."

We all followed; and I may say, that if the place of my future abode is as inviting as this, I will not complain. There at our feet was the long-sought haven of our hopes, the Rio Grande, quietly and placidly meandering over its pebbly bed. We were thankful

for the timely deliverance and bright prospects. Jonah could not have been more thankful when disgorged by the marine monster, than we were when delivered out of this. We had been all of six hours hard traveling through its body. I started to take a bath in this beautiful river, and hastened out faster than I went in, the pesky little fish nipped me so unmercifully.

Mr. Newcomb and Paulino went down the river to explore, and soon returned with the joyful intelligence that all was right. They had found the old plantain walk, and that indicated the proper place of crossing the Rio Grande. As the day was well spent, and we entirely, it was determined to camp there, and return the next day to the camp of supply.

In the morning, "Old Hoss" was lame and unable to walk; consequently I remained with him while Mr. Newcomb and Paulino returned to bring up the supplies. Mr. Newcomb had thoughtfully stored away four crackers in his shot-pouch, and Paulino a box of sardines. Three crackers and the entire box of sardines were left with us, and, as they expected to return the same day, that would be plenty.

The day passed, night came, but no men. The second came and went, but no men. Animals came near the camp, but they were not the kind I would like to hunt, for the siena is more combative than the wild hog. Bands of both came near us; and as we ventured out to look at the hog, we saw a much more unwelcome visitor—a large tiger, leisurely walking across a sandbar just below camp, evidently after a hog for dinner. The tiger preys on all animals, but the hog is the easiest obtained. The tiger follows after a band of hogs, and the porker that lags behind is caught. His squeals for help bring the band to his relief, the tiger goes up a tree, and so soon as prudence permits he is after his hog again, practicing on the saying of the "devil catch the hindmost."

The night is closing in again, and no sign of the men. What can have befallen them?

The perduice, (a bird about the size of the domestic guinea-fowl, and somewhat like it)

with its shrill, mournful note, proclaims the setting sun, and every hour of the night wails out the dismal requiem. This doleful, wailing note is supposed to resemble that of a lost spirit; and thus its name. The owl puts in his too-hoo. A large bug, with pipes laid over its back, both out of tune, pipes a dismal accompaniment; altogether the most doleful serenade we have ever heard. We have observed, of all animals, birds, or insects that give note in these wilds at night, that it is inharmonious and sad; while those that announce the approach of day rejoice in the most cheerful notes. This *concerto inferno* is now suddenly checked by the commanding voice of God. In tones of reverberating thunder he bids them be still, and all is as silent as death. It comes on to rain. We are sad and dejected; fearful that the swollen river will come down on us. It is a gloomy prospect. Thunder, lightning, and rain continue. Our camp is in the bed of the river, near the water. How shall we escape the coming flood in this dark, wild night? We go to sleep and banish the forebodings. I awake to find old Franko sitting up, wide-awake, and watchfully looking for the coming flood. He tells me he has heard a tiger near the camp, and requests me to keep a lookout while he sleeps. What can I do if the tiger does come? My gun was left with Solano at the camp of supply. Old Franko's gun would not go off. There we sat, now looking up the river for the expected flood, now looking down the river by the lightning's glare for the dreaded tiger. Taken all together, a more dismal, doleful, and dreadful night was never experienced.

It is dark, and storming heavily; and now we have notice to quit. The swollen river is rushing down in his anger, and will occupy our bed. It is his bed, and we are but squatters. He had left it but for a season, and we must get out of it in season. We take to the bank in the pelting rain, build a shelter, and try to make ourselves comfortable and cheerful, but it proves a sad failure. Wet, cold, and hungry, enough to have "brought us out strong"; but we evidently did not possess Mark Tapley's gifts in this respect.

"Old Hoss" looks sad and long-faced. We divide the remaining cracker and sardines. All we can do is to resign ourselves, and trust to that kind providence which has ever been at hand in our need.

The third day is passing, and no relief. What could have happened? There could be no difficulty in finding the way back; having traversed the intervening mountain in all circuitous directions, we were now sure of the direct route, and Mr. Newcomb had determined to go by compass. We can but despond. Here we have been for eleven days (the former expedition included) trying to find a route between two points not more than eight or ten miles distant; have been led in all directions but the right one. Old Franko has despaired of ever getting back to Pinegana again, and I begin to think it unlikely.

While thus speculating on the chances, I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of Mr. Newcomb and the men. Nothing had happened but the difficulty of cutting their way. The old road was found. Short and direct, and perfectly plain after it was found. And, as might be expected, it was the only place left unexplored.

We think we are right now, and we will try to keep right. All are jubilant. Old Franko is howling. It is true, he thinks he is singing, and is actually dancing about on his lame leg. When asked about it, he assures me all is right, and that he will get back to Pinegana; yet the lame leg appears as bad as before. He explains, by saying that he has agreed to give *Espirito Santo* (the presiding spirit of the Cana mines) two pounds of wax to cure him, and all will be right now. It occurs to me that the physicians in the spirit-land are not actuated by mercenary motives, if two pounds of wax are to be the only fees in this case.

In the morning we were off, with the expectation of getting to our destination in less than one day; but as usual found we were mistaken. The difficulty of cutting the way was still greater; and although we found no great trouble in keeping the right course, yet it was hard and slow work, requiring three

days to make the distance that can be traveled in three hours when the trail is open.

When we got in the vicinity of Cana, our Ariel (in the shape now of old Franko) led off in the wrong direction, causing much trouble and delay; but we finally got to the Cana River. Indeed, its roaring waters called us. Old Franko became unusually oracular. Having been there before, he knew all about it.

Having arrived at the haven of our hopes, after many months of hard toil, it now remained to be seen whether or not time, toil, and money had been spent in vain. We felt and acknowledged our indebtedness to Mr. Newcomb. I found on my way here, that he was familiar with the vegetable kingdom. He pointed out the different and innumerable trees valuable in commerce; plants valuable for their medicinal properties, among which were antidotes to poisonous bites of reptiles; and, as he informed me, there are different antidotes for the different species of snakes. Thus our travels with Mr. Newcomb were made pleasant and instructive; and now we found that we had only passed through the vestibule of the great storehouse of his accumulated knowledge. Here it was laid open. Every rock was but a labeled index referring to a closed page. Thus the law and the leader to the concealed treasures were pointed out. The prospecting was very gratifying, particularly in finding a desired place; but as I do not intend writing a history of these mines, I will make no mention further.

The men went prospecting after fruits, and returned with abundance of bananas, canes and other comestibles. Among the game were some large, fine Muscovy ducks. The cane and fruits were brought here by those who came and opened these mines, and have continued to propagate. The duck is a native of the country. All was now accomplished; we were rested and refreshed, and returned to Pinegana, having been absent twenty-six days.

I have made several other trips to Cana, being rather curious to learn whether it was an elephant, or some more manageable prize;

found much of interest, if not of profit. The mines are extensive, and have been extensively worked. A large amount of gold has been taken out, in olden time; and I indulge the hope that a corresponding amount remains to reward us for our toil, privation, and perseverance. The old works, canals, ditches, and excavations show a knowledge of mining hardly to be surpassed in modern time. It required only powder for blasting, and the hydraulic power, to make ancient and modern mining equal. They were evidently as familiar with all the occult evidence of geology as we are; and it yet remains to be seen whether our knowledge extends beyond this.

Being far removed from the habitation of man, or the base of supply, we had much to contend with. It is conceded that the subsistence of an army or body of men is a consideration paramount to placing them in fighting position. We experienced the full force of this; and found our greatest difficulty in transportation, which as yet had to be performed on men's backs. We indulged the hope of relieving them from this animal treatment soon.

We became somewhat familiar with the denizens of the forest; and found that here, as elsewhere, the least and most insignificant things are the most annoying, the little tick, or *agara pato*, causing more trouble and dread than the tiger, hog, or serpent. They will cover the body, and their irritating, poisonous bites throw you into an irritative fever, leaving a crop of pustules that might be mistaken for a neglected case of smallpox. The remedy is to wash them off with a decoction of tobacco. One species of the *agara pato* is so small that they are imperceptible to the naked eye; and yet their bite is the most poisonous. The desire to scratch is irresistible, and yet the more one scratches, the greater the irritation and suffering.

Returning from the mine, on one occasion, having two men with me, we were ascending from the bed of a stream, in a trail made by the animals; happening to look up, there was a beautiful black tiger, or cougar, in the crotch of a tree. My rifle failing to go

off, he sprang down and ran away—my dog going after a deer at hand, rather than the cougar, who doubtless was waiting to pounce down on the deer when it approached the creek to drink. The natives dread this species of tiger more than all other animals. Soon afterwards we had a perilous venture with the wild hogs. The dog having disturbed a band of them, they pursued him and he ran to me for protection. It was in an open wood; there was nothing I could climb, except a grape-vine curving up from the ground. I got on it, and it bent down so that my feet were in dangerous proximity to the infuriated animals. I had great difficulty in retaining my place; but they left me finally, to my great joy.

Mr. Deane and myself set out from Pingenana for Cana, accompanied by one of his men. It was now the summer, or dry season, and we went by land; through the winter months we would have gone part of the way by water. We anticipated no trouble in finding the way, as the Caoutcharos had kept the trail open, as far at least as the place where we had formerly gone by water. We found no difficulty until the second day; then our troubles commenced. We had stopped for a few minutes on the bank of a stream. Mr. Deane's men continued on, as they had a cargo, and we none; we thought there could be no difficulty in overtaking them. We found, however, there was difficulty; so much so, that we did not succeed in finding them. We not only lost them, but lost ourselves by taking the cuttings of Caoutcharos for the trail. We finally, however, got to a stream, followed it up until we came, as we supposed, to the well-known crossing. There was the old trail, the place where we had slept on the first trip out. There was the *rancho* subsequently built in the identical spot. The bed of the stream looked different, but the winter's freshets had caused that. There was no doubt in our minds about the location. We subsequently learned it was the right stream, but not the right location. Should we go on, or wait for the missing men? We were not hungry, yet a little something would not go amiss. We

had an ample supply, or rather the men had them all, as well as our clothing and bedding. We saw a fresh track, ascending the opposite bank of the stream. We could soon overtake them. We hastened on, but could find no track; could not find the creek that we knew the old trail went up; but we found a trail recently cut, going in the right direction. So we hastened to take it, rather than spend so much time looking for the other. Doubtless this was a shorter cut; the old was circuitous, anyhow. The trail was plain enough at first, but soon lost itself, and us too, in the forest. But as yet we did not know it. We hastened on, rather than turn back, that we might reach the Saturo River before night; clambered up and over steep hills; found a caoutchouc pit that we thought familiar; got down to the river just in time before the mantle of night fell to clothe all in obscurity. We were cheered, and felt assured with the familiar place on the river. We lay down in our saturated clothes. We were tired, and probably would sleep the better for having nothing to eat. It is a bad plan to sleep on a full stomach. We did sleep soundly, as evidence the pool of blood which was drawn from me by a vampire bat without my knowing it. We didn't believe in bleeding, in this instance particularly, as we had no food to replenish the loss, and would doubtless require all we had to sustain us. I would thank Mr. Bat if he would only stop the leak after gorging himself next time.

We had an early start in the morning; no detention with cooking, eating, and other camp troubles. There were no doubts in our minds as to where we were. We determined to take the old trail across, if we could find it, instead of going down the stream to its junction with the Croupe; it was shorter, and we must hasten to the camp where Mr. Deane's men are, and where we expected to find our lost men and the provisions. We found the old trail, as we supposed, without much difficulty; the cuttings were rather obscure, and soon disappeared. It wouldn't do to turn back. We could surely find our way to the next stream, and that was but a

short distance to the Croupe, on which the camp was situated.

We followed down a small creek, and kept going all day, much to our surprise and disappointment. It gradually grew larger and deeper. We feared it would carry us down below the provision *rancho*, yet we dared not leave it, as it was a sure guide. In the hills we might get lost.

We waded on, sometimes through deep, slimy holes—delightful places for alligators—until finally we could not have left it if we would. The banks were lined with a dense growth, among which was the formidable grass with its sharp saw-teeth. We toiled on, and were rejoiced to find deliverance on the banks of what we at first supposed to be the Croupe. But it didn't look familiar, and was larger than that river. Yet it could be no other. We went up it a short distance, but found no familiar place. Then we went down it—why, I know not—and not only found nothing familiar, but were confounded by coming to a still larger river, rushing along, as it receives the waters from this one, in angry whirls, under the overhanging, frowning precipice.

What rivers could these be? The day was closing, and we were lost. We roasted a few almond nuts that Mr. Deane had gathered, and ate them; then lay down in our wet clothes in the wet sand, on the bank of the river. The rivers were dark in their deep bed—fit place for alligators, which infest these waters. Our dog lay uncomfortably close, a tempting bait for these monstrous creatures. We went to sleep, hoping they would not take us before morning. In the morning we were delighted to find they had not taken us, or our dog.

An early start again; nothing to detain us in the way of eating, though I could wish there had been. I would have been very grateful to any one who had invited me to breakfast. A singular fact in connection with this singular affair, we saw no game; not a bird or beast in these dense wilds, where they usually abound. This added to our distress. If we could have only got something to eat, we could then have had

strength to continue on our unknown way. We crossed the mouth of the deep river, and climbed up the precipitous rocky bluff. We continued on down the larger river, climbing up and down steep hills bordering the deep and angry river, getting fainter and weaker every step. Good luck now came to us in the shape of a turkey, which Mr. Deane fortunately shot; we were not long in roasting and eating it. We then continued on our wild and unknown way, going down to the river, and determining to build a raft, if we could; but soon abandoned this, as we could find no suitable wood. We could only trust in a kind providence; and that trust was not in vain, nor did we have to wait long for the fulfillment. There appeared a canoe, coming down the river with three men in it. When they landed, our first question was:

"Where are we?"

"On the *Rio Grande*, of course."

We knew that all the time, yet could not believe it.

"What river is it that empties into this, above here?"

"The *Paca*."

We knew this, too, but could not realize the fact. There were no rivers of their magnitude in this section of country. But we had been completely bewildered. We were kindly taken into the canoe, and it was only after passing the mouth of the Croupe River that we were disenchanted. Puzzle our brains as we would, we could not conceive how it was possible for us to get to the *Paca* without crossing this river. We must have been transported by some invisible agency, and yet we know we did not pass through the air; we had a painful sense of reality of having traveled on land and in water. How could it have happened? Why, in the simplest way imaginable, like all mysteries when revealed. We had reached the Croupe

River the first night, below the junction of the Saturo; mistook it for the latter stream, they being nearly equal in size; and were looking for the Croupe until we reached the *Paca*; and then became so bewildered that we did not know where we were, or what to look for.

The next day we reached Pinegana, but had no tidings of the lost men. Exposure, fatigue, and want of food produced another more severe and protracted spell of sickness, in which one of Mr. Deane's men—kind fellow—showed much distress. They had thrown his blanket over me, in my extreme illness; and these people will never use any article of clothing which has been about a dead person, or one who has given up the ghost, which it was supposed I was about to do. He—poor fellow—came to the conclusion that his blanket was gone, and was much distressed. His joy can well be imagined and measured on my recovery. It was just equal to the price of a blanket.

To conclude this eventful series of mis-  
haps: the missing men got lost, too; the second day, however, they found their way to the *rancho* on the Croupe, where their companions were; gave the report of our loss, when one of the men hastened on to Cana, and gave the report there; when all the men there employed hastened away in search of us, spent some time and ammunition in the fruitless endeavor, and finally came in to Pinegana, to find me lost in the maze of a brain-fever. And all of this was nothing in comparison to the troubles that followed, all incident to this adverse current of events, leaving us at a loss to know whether this is in payment of any particular sin we may have committed, or the aggregation of them all. I am in hopes it is the latter. It is to be hoped they are all now compounded, and settled up to date.

O. M. WOZENCRAFT.

[THE END.]

## A FLOWER IN A LETTER.

Strange that this poor shriveled thing  
Came from all that wealth of spring—  
From her garden loud with bees,  
Pink and purple with sweet-peas!  
That from all that warmth and brightness,  
Red of rose and lilies' whiteness,  
This was sent, a very part  
Of the garden's fragrant heart,  
Wan and lifeless though it be  
Ere this letter reaches me!

Ah, my friends! these songs I write—  
Could you know from out what light,  
Warmth of love and wishes glowing,  
All a wild heart's eager growing,  
I have tried to send a part,  
Bright with love, from heart to heart!  
Long the way; my blossoms, too,  
Wan and lifeless come to you.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

## SCHEMES TO ANNEX THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Monday, October 2nd, 1854, the steamer Sea Bird, Captain Lovell, left San Francisco for Honolulu, to take her place in the line of steam vessels to navigate the sea waters of the Hawaiian kingdom, in the service of the Hawaiian Steam Navigation Company, a corporation which had been organized under royal charter, with the grant of exclusive franchise for the inter-island traffic of the kingdom. Garrett W. Ryckman, formerly of New York, a prominent citizen of San Francisco, was president of the company. Captain John T. Wright, a noted steamship owner, had been induced to become a stockholder in the company, and had put his steamers Sea Bird and West Point into the line. Among the passengers who sailed in the Sea Bird were Mr. Ryckman; Sam. Purdy, Lieutenant-Governor of California; Cap-

tain Pendergast, of the California Steam Navigation Company; George S. Wright, son of Captain John T. Wright; and the writer of this sketch. On the tenth day from San Francisco it was discovered that the supply of coal was almost exhausted—a cheat having been practiced in filling the coal bunkers in San Francisco. That day, fortunately, a vessel was sighted, run for, and overhauled, which proved to be the whale-ship Oregon, Eldridge master, on her return from a successful season in the Arctic. From her a large lot of whale-blubber scraps were obtained: enough, it was thought, to supply fuel to Honolulu, then about two hundred miles distant. The island of Maui was sighted early on the morning of the twelfth day; and by noon the passage between that island and Oahu was reached. But the coal and blub-

ber scraps were by that time exhausted, and there were yet about thirty miles to make to reach Honolulu. All sail had been set to help on the vessel; but she was poorly calculated to make headway under sail. To keep steam, the bunks in the steerage, and every bit of wood-work that could be spared, was broken up for fuel. Off Diamond Head, eight miles from port, all this wood supply had been consumed. Kegs of butter were then resorted to; and finally, at half-past six o'clock, on the evening of Saturday, October 14th, the *Sea Bird* steamed into Honolulu harbor at very slow rate, with steam barely maintained by the last keg of butter on board, and was made fast at the custom-house wharf. She could not have gone another mile, except by tow; and the only means at that time of towing vessels in and out of the harbor, by the deep channel which coursed tortuously through the expansive flat coral reef on either side, was by means of teams of oxen, which waded belly-deep over the smooth coral washed by the waters of the sea.

Franklin Pierce was then President, with Wm. L. Marcy his Secretary of State. David L. Gregg of Illinois, an eminent lawyer, was United States commissioner to the Hawaiian kingdom. He was admirably qualified for the post. During the administration of President Taylor, in 1850, a proposition had been made, on the part of King Kamehameha, for the transfer of the islands to the United States; but it was not entertained. Now the project was renewed; and it was on this mission three of the gentlemen who went from California on the *Sea Bird* were intent to aid in and promote it. The proposition had this time come from the United States Government, through Mr. Gregg, who had gained the friendship and confidence of the King, and also of the heir-apparent to the throne, Prince Alexander; his elder brother, Prince Lot; the ministry and most of the other high dignitaries; and the great native chiefs or nobles of the kingdom. Treaty negotiations had already begun, and the project was commonly known as a scheme to "annex" the islands to the United States.

King Kamehameha was the third of the line of Hawaiian kings. Kalama, a favorite daughter of Kamehameha I., the founder of the kingdom, was his Queen. They were without issue; and, according to the law of succession, the King had chosen for his successor Prince Alexander, the youngest of the two sons of M. Kekuanaoa, governor of Oahu, distinguished alike for his bravery and gallantry in the wars of the conquest under the first Kamehameha, and in the troublous period when Captain Paulet of the British Navy made forcible seizure of the islands, in 1843, from which sprung the acknowledgment of the independence of the islands by England and France. Alexander was a young man of fine figure and fair intellect; tall, of a robust constitution, which had been impaired from excesses, and of dark complexion, even for one of his race. His elder brother, Prince Lot, was his superior in mental qualities, and of handsomer general appearance. The two princes had, in 1850, when lads, made a partial tour of the United States, and also visited portions of Europe, under the guardianship of Dr. Judd, an American missionary, then Minister of Finance, and the ablest and most influential of the ministers, who more than any other possessed the confidence of the King. Dr. Judd had come to the islands nearly thirty years before, as an American missionary. He had become in his time the first and most potential of the Ministers of State. In the troubles with the French, and subsequently with the British naval commander Paulet, healed by the discreet conduct of Admiral Thomas and the British Government, he had been the statesman of each occasion. He had been Minister of Finance for years, and he had retired to honorable private life. Still the warm and trusted personal friend of the King, as well as of the two Princes, he was the ablest advocate of the treaty, and he wrought with great influence with many of the chiefs. At Pittsburg, in New York and New England, and generally in the Atlantic States, notwithstanding the public announcement of their race and rank, they were classed and treated as negroes, and often subjected to

slights and insults on that account. It was still a mortifying and exasperating recollection to the Princes. But in England and elsewhere in Europe they had received cordial welcome from royalty and the nobility, and were accorded the honors due to their station from all classes, which they gratefully held in memory.

The Ministry was thus composed: John Young, a native chief, bosom friend and boon companion of the King, was Prime Minister; R. C. Wyllie, a Scotchman, Minister of Foreign Relations; Elisha Allen of Boston, Minister of Finance; Rev. R. Armstrong of Pennsylvania, a missionary, Minister of Public Instruction; and A. B. Bates of New York, Law Adviser to the Crown. Wm. L. Lee, a native of New York, beloved of and greatly trusted by the King, was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; and one of the Associate Justices, John II, was a native Hawaiian. Lot Pakee, the oldest, the mightiest, and the grandest of the ancient line of chiefs, was Chamberlain. He was nearly seven feet high, of magnificent proportionate frame, had the strength of a Hercules, and often in his early manhood had he performed prodigies of valor and surprising feats of athletic nature. He was now the greatest of ruling chiefs, the most dignified, and the possessor of a larger area of lands, and had a more numerous retinue of native tenants and followers than any other in the kingdom. Of all these, Pakee and Judge II were the only ones who stood opposed to annexation. Mr. Wyllie was zealous in promoting the project, and Chief Justice Lee sanctioned it.

King Kamehameha had passed the prime of life, and his habits were such as to forbid the probability of old age. He was himself impressed with the conviction that his years would not be many, and he would not therefore do any act by which the future of his government might be involved, without it had the acquiescence of Prince Alexander. He was a man of really noble qualities; a good king, beloved of his subjects, the natives, and greatly liked by all the foreigners resident in the islands; of whom the large proportion were Americans, mostly from New

England, interested more or less in the whale-fishing traffic, which was then at its height, and of which the Sandwich Islands, with their convenient ports, were the chief depots for the annual outfitting of the whaling-fleet, and the sale and shipment to the Atlantic ports of the season's catch. This trade employed an aggregate of nearly five hundred ships, and thousands of men, as masters, officers, seamen, agents, shippers, etc.

Commissioner Gregg had won the friendship and confidence of the King and of the Ministry. Alexander and Lot greatly liked and trusted in him, and the Princess Victoria, their sister, who filled an important place in the government, took counsel of him in State matters. Next in order to the United States, in the estimation of the King and his Ministry, stood Great Britain. That nation had been the first to demonstrate its friendship and protection to the island kingdom; the first to acknowledge the supremacy as its ruler of the conqueror Kamehameha; the first to send him kind messages, and to greet him as King. His son and successor, Liholiho—Kamehameha II.—had visited England with his Queen. There the pair had been received with royal pomp and ceremony, and laden with princely gifts upon their departure for their native land, which the King never lived to again behold. And the spirit and promptitude in which the British Government had acted in the affair with Captain Paulet of the Royal Navy, in 1843, in restoring the island government to its rightful authority, and acknowledging the independence of the Hawaiian kingdom, had made King Kamehameha III. the friend of that great power.

General Wm. Miller, the British Consul-General at Honolulu, was an intrepid old soldier, who had served with great valor in the Bolivian struggle for independence. He was dean of the diplomatic corps at the Hawaiian Court. But he was not a favorite at the Palace, nor on cordial terms with the Ministry, on account of his overbearing manners; and among the people he was very much disliked for the same reason. He so strongly hated democracy as a governing

principle that he lost no opportunity to manifest his contempt of a government so founded; and he therefore bore no good-will toward Americans, notwithstanding that he always treated Commissioner Gregg with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

The French Government was represented by M. Perrin, Consul-general. He was a man of mediocre ability, with more of the politician than the diplomatist, and very little of the statesman to recommend him, and he was unfortunate in his temper. He did not stand well with the King in a social way; and the ministry were not generally disposed to cultivate intimate personal relations with him on account of his peculiar temperament and manners. At best, there was not much in common between General Miller and M. Perrin; but as England and France were then allied against Russia, in the war of the Crimea, the two were brought into closer relations, and upon the uppermost local subject then agitating the Government to which they were accredited—the treaty with the United States for annexation—they were in thorough harmony in vehement antagonism to the scheme.

But in spite of all opposition, the negotiations for the treaty progressed favorably. In the Privy Council old Lot Pakee fought it at every turn, but unsuccessfully and without actual effect. Other chiefs and nobles favored it. Nehalekea, the finest of the native orators, and Kaawai, the Cincinnatus of his race, alike members of the legislature from their respective districts, both battled for it with much force. The draft of the treaty, which had been carefully revised on each side, was agreed upon. By it the United States was to pay the sum of five millions of dollars, the payment to be made in the form of annuities, up to the sum of \$300,000 per annum, or the yearly interest of the grand total, at the rate of six per cent. per annum; with a proviso that as life ceased the annuities terminated, except alone in the case of the King and Prince Alexander. The schedule provided for the King \$50,000 per year, to fall to Alexander on Kamehameha's death; to Queen Kalama, \$18,000

per year during her lifetime; to Prince Alexander \$12,000, to cease on the death of the King, and the payment thereupon to himself of the \$50,000 annuity; to Lot, \$10,000; to Princess Victoria, \$8,000; to Pakee, \$7,000; and so on down the list of chiefs, until the last and lowest was reached, the annuities descending to \$500 per year for the lowest class. The King was to make over to the United States all the crown lands and possessions, and public property of every kind and description; among which was the harbor of Pearl River, already selected by Captain Dornin of the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* as the most eligible place for a naval station and dry-dock, or navy-yard, about six miles to the westward of Honolulu.

Among the few special grants made by the King, which were to be acknowledged and perpetuated by the United States, was that which had been secured by royal charter already to the Hawaiian Steam Navigation Company, or to Garrett W. Ryckman and his associates—the water-front of Honolulu from the city to the sea, embracing the whole line of coral reef through which the inlets and outlets of the harbor coursed and extended. It was a grant then of immense value, and likely to become worth millions of dollars in the event of American occupation of the islands, as it was virtually the ownership of the harbor of Honolulu, the chief commercial and shipping port of the entire group. The sum of annuities was never to exceed the total of five millions, in any event, while the relief to the total amount by death of the annuitants was to fall to the United States. A computation of the bills of mortality among the native chiefs, many of whom were prone to dissolute habits, gave a reckoning of a little more than three millions as the aggregate cost of the islands to the United States.

Very naturally, the Princess Victoria was not in favor of the scheme. Prince Lot did not wish it consummated, but he deferred to his brother Alexander, willing to be governed entirely by him in the matter. The

old King favored it—wanted it; but he would not sign the treaty unless Prince Alexander consented to it. Alexander wavered. He was in great need of money, and heavily in debt. He was addicted to exhausting excesses of body and purse. He kept a corps of fifty dancing-girls, and their wild orgies were the scandal of the islands. His constant companion and evil spirit was a young man named Neilson, of good family in New York, who possessed great influence over him, and participated with him in the hullahulus and lauaus, or bacchanal and nymphean saturnalia. Neilson hoped when Alexander should be King to obtain high place in the government, or to be the power behind the throne. He therefore labored to set the Prince against annexation.

There was another potent influence which prevailed with him somewhat from a better and totally opposite direction. It was an influence of subtle nature, which appealed to his pride and ambition. For years the King had planned and prepared for the marriage of Alexander to Miss Emma Rook, the daughter of an English physician, long a resident of the islands, who was the King's family physician. Dr. Rook had married the daughter of a great native chief, who had taken for husband one of the most noted white men that had been raised to the distinction of a noble by the King, and Emma was the only issue of that marriage. She was a young lady of fair personal attractions, about Alexander's age, a great favorite of the old King, and had been carefully educated. Good, accomplished, and in every way worthy of Alexander's love and of the exalted position to which the projected alliance would elevate her, she awaited with becoming patience, yet with much concern, the disposition of her royal betrothed to fulfill the engagement. His orgies had delayed the nuptials; still he was devoted to her, and measurably influenced by her wishes. From proper self-pride and self-concernment, she was averse to the treaty; and in this she was strenuously urged by her father, who, as a loyal Englishman, as well as an adopted Hawaiian, vehemently opposed the project, in

common with all of his countrymen of the islands.

But there was, besides these influences, still another and more powerful in laboring and scheming to defeat the annexation. This was the American whaling and merchant element of the population, combined generally with the missionary establishment, almost wholly from the United States. The large number interested in the whale-fishery, and in mercantile pursuits in Honolulu, Lahaina, and Hilo, the three principal ports for whalers and commerce, as well as the missionaries, were from Boston, Nantucket, New Bedford, New London, and New York; and they comprised the wealthiest, the most influential, and the most formidable classes of the inhabitants. The whale-ship owners and agents controlled the financial affairs of the kingdom, because the revenues depended mainly upon that traffic. This element very naturally dreaded annexation, for the simple reason that the possession of the islands by the United States would subject them to the evils and costs of the operation of the United States laws in respect to their ships and crews, which are common to every considerable seaport of the republic. The laws of the kingdom had been so framed that there was no encouragement in any Hawaiian port for the class of lawyers who prosecute claims for sailors, and hence there was no difficulty with crews. The United States consul heard and decided all cases between the ship-owners or masters and the men; and from his judgment the only appeal was to the commissioner. The consul fixed the rate at which oil and whalebone should be computed in the settlement of accounts between the ship and the crew; and he determined all other matters of complaint, grievance, or dispute between the parties. It was a prompt and simple mode of settlement, and the cost was inconsiderable to the ship-owners, consignees, and masters. "Jack" generally came off the loser or grumbler. But the system had the virtue of excluding "shark" lawyers from the islands, and of bringing the sailors to submit to that which they could not successfully offer resistance.

This valuable advantage in a money point of view overcame the patriotic impulse of the whale-fishery element generally, and led them to prefer the voluntary expatriation they so profitably endured to the transfer of territory which should bring over them the protecting panoply of their native country.

A similar disposition on the part of the owners and agents of the whaling-fleets in New England led to the preparation of a letter at that time, by Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, to be used in antagonizing the treaty projected in the Privy Council, and among the native chiefs. The letter came in October, 1854. It warned the chiefs and the Hawaiians against any movement which should bring their kingdom or themselves into the possession or jurisdiction of the United States; as to do so would deprive them of their lands and homes, and reduce themselves to a degraded condition, if not to actual slavery. Mr. Sumner cited to the Hawaiians the pregnant fact that the American people, or the dominant element at that period, had always degraded, if they would not enslave, the races of darker shades; and he predicted a similar fate for the natives of the islands, chiefs as well as commoners, in the event of annexation. The letter was given to Lot Pakee, the mighty chief of the olden time, to use and to read in the Privy Council; and it required all the power and persuasion of Mr. Wyllie and the other advocates of annexation to overcome the impression it created at the outset.

Another set-back had been given the treaty negotiations just about the same time, and for a while it threatened to break them off entirely. Filibustering had alarmed Cuba in 1850. Since then, on the Pacific coast, there had been expeditions of similar character, rumored or attempted, against portions of Mexico and Central America. California was the rendezvous and starting point for these expeditions. The Sandwich Islanders were a peaceful, inoffensive, submissive, patient race, averse to turmoil or war. The Europeans and Americans resident there had no sympathy with filibustering or vio-

lence. The military force of the islands was ridiculously meager; more for show than for real service, although ludicrously feeble and insignificant in the way of show. There was, however, a very formidable foreign naval force in the harbor of Honolulu: the United States steamships Mississippi and Susquehanna and the sloops-of-war Portsmouth and St. Mary, the British frigates Trincomalee and Eurydice, and the French frigate L'Artemise.

During October, the schooner Caroline E. Foote arrived at Honolulu with about one hundred passengers, mostly of an adventurous, desperate class, and among them, as a sort of leader, was the notorious Cris. Lilly, prize-fighter and sporting man. Some turbulence—the natural consequence of so large a number of reckless persons suddenly landed in a port such as Honolulu was then, where sailors freshly discharged, and native women were loosely sauntering, after a two or three weeks run from San Francisco, with opportunities to guzzle down liquor so long as they had money to pay for it—created a good deal of alarm in the city, and the intemperate remarks of some of the disorderly crowd awakened the suspicion that their threats to “take the town” were more in earnest than idle vaporizing. The authorities became apprehensive of trouble, and Consul-Generals Miller and Perrin lustily plied the fuel of their mischievous surmises and admonitions to fan the flame to danger-heat, until Governor Kekuanaoa, thoroughly convinced that it was a filibustering foray, issued proclamation for his troops immediately to assemble at the fort.

Very happily, before this could be accomplished, Captain Dornin of the Portsmouth addressed an official letter to Commissioner Gregg, requesting him to tender to the King a force of two hundred men, armed and equipped for effective service, to be sent on shore at once, or in the case of any emergency, to quell disorder and maintain the peace. It had instant good effect. The native troops were on duty only a single night; all cause of alarm disappeared the next day; and Cris. Lilly and his entirely harmless “filibusteros”

were prevailed upon to leave the port, on the return voyage of the *Foot*, in a few days.

But other difficulties still beset the progress of the treaty. Ben. Moulton of San Francisco had opened the Honolulu theater. One Saturday night he specially invited Commissioner Gregg and several American citizens of distinction to attend the performance. In the pit were hundreds of English sailors of the *Trincomalee* and American whalers, about evenly proportioned. In compliment to Commissioner Gregg and the other invited guests, the orchestra played the national airs of the United States. The British sailors demanded "God Save the Queen." The orchestra played "Yankee Doodle." The Britishers then yelled for their national anthem. "Hail Columbia" was given instead. A rush was made for the orchestra by the incensed Britons. Instantly the whalers interposed. Blows were exchanged, and a general fight was precipitated. It lasted a quarter of an hour, and the whalers were left in possession of the battle-field. That night, at a late hour, Captain Houston of the *Trincomalee* ordered the ship's fine band ashore, and a long line of her crew were marched to Mr. Gregg's residence, where the band played all the American national airs, at the end of which the sailors were required to cheer lustily; and the officer in command tendered to Mr. Gregg the apology, regrets, and compliments of Captain Houston for the misbehavior of his men, a number of whom were afterwards soundly punished on board.

Yet another *contretemps* was occasioned in a most unexpected manner. Word had come from San Francisco of a signal victory of the allies over the Russians in the Crimea, and a magnificent banquet at the *Globe Hotel*, in Honolulu, had been ordered for a Saturday evening. It was fully prepared by host Franconi, himself an ardent Frenchman. That very morning the American brig *Zenobia* arrived from Petropauloski with intelligence of the reverse there sustained by the British attacking force at the hands of the Russians, and a letter from the British commander, narrating the event to Captain

Houston. The Americans in Honolulu generally sympathized with the Russians, and the annexation treaty project had intensified this feeling among those who favored the treaty. The chagrin at the morning's news was so great that the British and French officers did not come on shore from their ships; and the French and English residents kept within their domiciles. But the banquet was enjoyed, notwithstanding. A large party of Americans had arranged to feast upon the sumptuous furnishment, and the wine that was to toast the allied victors was quaffed to their confusion and the success of their foes.

These several disturbances and annoyances had so wrought upon General Miller, in conjunction with his hot-tempered and overzealous efforts to defeat the treaty, that he became incapacitated for official duty; and a survey of the French, British, and American surgeons in port, chosen from the several war vessels, ended in imposing upon the indomitable and exhausted old warrior a complete retirement and rest for the period of one year, at the peril of his mental faculties.

As General Miller had been the most powerful and most impetuous and pertinacious opponent of the treaty, and there was no one to take his place to effect anything, and as M. Perrin was unable to accomplish much, the only opposition made in government circles was that which came from Pakee, from Princess Victoria, and from the less powerful and influential chiefs and officials. The King had more than ever resolved upon annexation, and had measurably prevailed upon Emma Rook to cease antagonism to it. He had dispatched messengers to Hawaii to summon Prince Alexander to Honolulu, then to definitely decide whether to assent to the treaty or not. Alexander was with Neilson, hunting wild cattle in the great exhausted crater of one of the spent volcanoes of the island, and it was with much difficulty he was found. But the King's message was at length delivered to him, and he obediently responded to it by taking passage for Honolulu. He arrived on Monday, signed his assent to the treaty

the following day, and on Thursday in Privy Council it was determined that on Tuesday, December 14th, the treaty should receive the royal sanction.

Man proposes; God disposes. On Saturday the King complained of indisposition. A cargo of ice, the first ice ever seen in Honolulu, arrived during the warm days of November. It was a luxury of untold gratification to the American and European residents; a marvel of uncommon curiosity and interest to the natives, from the King to the lowest, excepting the Princes Alexander and Lot, who had seen and enjoyed it in their early-day tour of the United States and Europe. Peck Cutrell was shrewd enough to discover and utilize this novelty. He made a large punch-bowl full of champagne cocktail, iced and decocted to appetizing completeness, and sent it to the Palace, for the King's own delectation. Kamehameha III. was bibulous, and liked new things in that line. So heartily did he delight in the fresh provocative to the peculiar excitation he most reveled in, that that very day he dispatched a standing order to Cutrell for a similar treat every day. And in a few days he did the saloon of the old California volunteer the distinguished honor of visiting it, and there imbibing a repetition of the exhilarating mixture. Kings are human, of the flesh, and subject to the seductions and temptations of the common world; and the truth is, that King Kamehameha III. never more in his brief life refrained from the free indulgence in champagne cocktails, which his civil list allowed him.

A visit that day to the United States war vessels in the harbor, and his fondness for wine, had overcome him. Sunday he was recuperating. Monday he was able to sit up. Tuesday morning his faithful personal attendant was giving him a hand-bath of brandy to brace him for the noonday audience, and the great business of the day. At 10 o'clock, Dr. Ford reported to Mr. Gregg that he had just left the palace, and that the King was "all right." At half past 11 o'clock the signal announced from the Palace that the King was dead. In a few minutes

the Punch Bowl battery, which commands Honolulu, confirmed the fatal announcement by its roar of great guns. By high noon Governor Kekuanaoa, father of Prince Alexander, at the head of his body guard, was parading the streets of Honolulu, proclaiming on every block: "King Kamehameha III. is dead! Long live King Kamehameha IV.!" All that afternoon, throughout that long night, and thence onward during every day and night, the devoted, loving, loyal, deeply grieved, and earnestly mourning natives assembled around the Palace yard walls, there wailing and moaning wildly and terribly in their semi-barbarian custom; the older ones knocking out their front teeth, or any still left to them, in memorial honor to their late King and master. His body, kept in state until then, was entombed with extraordinary pomp, and ancient custom observed at the funeral, on Thursday, January 4th, 1855. The next day, Friday—ill-omened in some respects—Alexander was crowned as King Kamehameha IV., at the old stone church, before an immense assemblage, with all the foreign legations present in full force. It was the grandest coronation scene ever witnessed in the kingdom up to that time.

That Friday evening, Commissioner Gregg had invited to a grand dinner the American naval officers in Honolulu harbor, Consul Pratt, G. W. Ryckman, and the writer. Just before the cloth was removed, there came a messenger from the Palace, with a note of official character to Mr. Gregg. He opened it, read it, and it was manifestly displeasing. Then he asked the earnest attention of all present to its contents, as he read this substantial portion of it:

"SIR: All negotiations pending between the government of the United States and the Hawaiian kingdom, in relation to the subject of annexation, are hereby declared at an end."

The message bore the royal signature—Kamehameha IV. The attendant of the old King, who had given him that brandy hand-bath that morning of Tuesday, December 14th, 1854, had left the bowl containing the brandy—then wasted to less than a pint

—upon a table at the bedside, to get a fresh towel in the adjoining room. The old King, who had been vainly commanding the attendant all the morning to bring him liquor—against the express orders of the physicians—had seized the opportunity and the bowl of brandy, drank it down at a draught, rolled back on his bed, choking and retching, and in a few minutes gasped his expiring breath. With it went out also forever the project then so nearly accomplished, to bring the Sandwich Islands under the government of

the United States. Kamehameha IV. lived and died as King. His elder brother Lot succeeded him, the last Kamehameha—the fifth of the title. Emma Rook was Queen to each. She was subsequently Pretender. Old Lot Pakee came near being Usurper. He would have made a great King. Drunken “Billy Kenino” succeeded Lot. He reigned only a brief period. Now reigns Kalakaua. He declares he will never sell his kingdom. It remains to be seen what he will do with it.

JAMES O'MEARA.

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## CLOSE THE UNIVERSITY.

Thirteen years of trial have proved that the University of California is a failure, and has no probability of success in its present plan. In one sense it is a university, for it has literary, scientific, agricultural, legal, medical, and pharmaceutical departments; but it is not a respectable university, for it has few eminent men in its faculty, few books in its library, little apparatus in its scientific departments, few students in its classes, no income adequate to its needs, and no reputation as a first-class institution of its kind.

It was a mistake to open the university in 1868; and this idea is not a recent one with me. When the announcement was made that the institution should make its start in October of that year, I was a journalistic guardian of public interests, and I complied with my duty of investigating the question whether it was politic to establish the University of California at that time. I went to the public libraries and studied all the books treating of university education. I hunted up Americans and Germans who had attended German universities. After a careful examination of all the material within reach, it was clear to me that the income was insufficient to pay the salaries of a respectable faculty, leaving all the other expenditures out of consideration. The revenue of the money fund was twenty-six thousand dollars; and to sell

the land at a time when it might be located and held for ten or fifteen years, with great profit, was to sacrifice the capital. It may sound somewhat egotistical for me to speak thus of my opinions; but it appears to me that there is no other way in which I can impress my ideas better on the reader. The phrase, “I told you so,” is often very offensive; and yet there may be cases when it becomes necessary to show that one person at least has understood his subject from the first. I repeatedly protested against the proposed mistake. The following is an extract from an editorial article published in 1868:

“Everything should be made subordinate to a great ultimate success; nothing should be hazarded for the sake of putting a petty college into running order this year or next. Nothing can be gained, and much may be lost, by haste. If there is any risk, safety lies in delay. The property will constantly increase in value, especially if the land be well located; and the income will soon be sufficient to remove all fears of failure. Let us look, now, at the expenses. The buildings, including dwellings for ten professors, even if made of wood, for a university cannot be erected for less than two hundred thousand dollars. Even for a little college, including the dwellings, they would cost one hundred thousand dollars or more. The laying

out of the grounds will cost ten thousand dollars; the chemical and other apparatus should cost fifty thousand dollars at least; not less than one hundred thousand dollars should be given for a library, and many of the universities have libraries which could not be provided here for twice as much. Here we have three hundred and sixty thousand dollars expenditure which should precede the opening of the university. There ought to be not less than forty professors; and to support these, and keep the library, the museum, the laboratory, and apparatus in order, will require one hundred thousand dollars a year. Cornell University has, we believe, near that amount; Harvard has more than one million dollars of invested funds; and Yale has probably as much. Besides, they own their buildings; Harvard having fifteen. The University of Michigan has a clear income of forty thousand dollars; and the expenses there are in many respects less than half of the expenses here. As we look at it, policy requires that we should not start till our annual income amounts to at least one hundred thousand dollars. That may require the postponement of the opening for a long time; but when the university is established on that basis, it will be a great institution. Failure will be impossible. The State can take pride in the anticipation. Wealthy citizens will feel called on to assist it, because they will know that their donations and bequests will contribute to enrich a university worthy of the name. The legislature should declare the funds or the principal inalienable, and permit the expenditure of nothing save the income."

My objections found no support. So far as I recollect, no governor, no regent, no public journal, no friend of education, came to my aid. I was not even honored with a reply. I was treated as if my facts and opinions were unworthy of serious consideration. The university was started. The magnificent estate in land was sold at a time when settlement and land values were advancing rapidly. The receipts—less than the annual income would be now, under good management—were not made part of an inviolable

principal to be held as a source of revenue, but were spent. Not only was the capital thus reduced, but the income from other sources has diminished; and this is the chief cause of the recent trouble.

I have high respect for the character and capacity of the advisory committee. In my opinion, there are no better men in California—none better suited for the office of regent by education, tastes, public spirit, and honorable motives, than such men as Horatio Stebbins and George Davidson. But they seem to think that the university has enough money to maintain an existence creditable to the State. I think not; and I appeal to the people. Let them decide through the next legislature. I solicit a discussion and consideration of my side of the question, and indeed of both sides.

The university has done better than I expected. It has regents much above the average of political appointments in fitness. It has had respectable professors; that is, respectable as compared with the average of American professors. Its funds have been administered honestly and judiciously—leaving out of consideration the fundamental mistake of opening the institution in 1868. Its buildings are well-planned and well-situated. It has been extremely fortunate in obtaining the generous gifts of Mills, Hastings, Toland, Harmon, Tompkins, Bacon, Reese, and perhaps others whose names do not occur to me. These donations, which could not be foreseen, have enabled the institution to wear the title of "university" with some show of right; without them it would have remained nothing but a little college.

But it is not enough for the respectability of a university in our day to have all the educational departments; it must have, in addition, a number of eminent professors, so situated that while teaching they can continue their studies, and maintain their reputations on a level with the advance of learning. That is the plan of the universities in Germany, which has three-fourths of all the first-class universities in the world, and the best of all. There are fifty professors in a

German university superior in ability to any at Berkeley, save, perhaps, two or three. The German university depends for its success, not on its skill in lobbying, not on its president or rector, who is often, so far as his presiding office is concerned, a very insignificant personage; but on its faculty as a whole. Where Billroth, Rokitansky, Virchow, Liebig, or Bopp lectures, students must go; because no man of their time could surpass them in their respective specialties. A German university is not simply a place for the dissemination of knowledge, but also for its discovery. A multitude of great ideas have been first given to the world from the lecture-rooms of German professors. My conclusion is, that the only way to build up the university is to close it, and let the fund accumulate until the income amounts to one hundred thousand dollars. I know of no obligation or vested right to prevent the adoption of that measure; and local and personal interests, though they deserve careful consideration, should not be allowed to outweigh the great object of ultimate success. The people, and the sincere friends of the institution, would undoubtedly chafe over the

closing; and some of them may be indignant at the man who ventures to suggest such a course; but better be resentful now, and better chafe for twenty years, than fail for a hundred. So soon as the doors are shut with a fixed determination that so they shall stay till the university of Berkeley can have a faculty as large and able and learned as that of Berlin, so soon the public opinion of the State, the editors, the men of the class likely to be appointed regents, will begin to learn something of the business of university management. And when, after the long-hoped-for day of reopening arrives, after the income of one hundred thousand dollars is secured, then there will be no difficulty in getting a board of regents who will understand their business. Able men throughout England and America will regard the professorships as specially desirable. A great faculty can be obtained with little difficulty. The Pacific slope will then have a university worthy of its enterprise and intelligence, creditable to its past and future, in full sympathy with modern progress, and with all the glorious guaranties of our political, religious, and social liberties.

JOHN S. HITTELL.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

### FISH MORTALITY IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

At intervals since 1844, there has been an extensive destruction of fish in the Gulf of Mexico, quite probably from the occasional eruption under the water of noxious gases. The phenomena occur along well-marked lines. The years when the mortality has been most marked are 1844, 1854, 1878, 1879, 1880. The poisoned waters occur in streaks or patches. The sponges, sea-anemones, mollusks, and fish which live on the bottom, are killed first, and then the fish swimming nearer the surface. The stench of the dead fish along the shore is said to be intolerable.

### REMARKABLE SOLAR PROTUBERANCE.

L. Thallon noticed on the 30th of August, about 11 A. M., a small and brilliant jet near the sun's equa-

tor. About 12:45 it had attained prodigious dimensions, still preserving the form of a luminous jet from a direction nearly perpendicular to the border of the sun. The result of frequent measurements indicated a height of protuberance at least equal to the sun's radius, or more than 200,000 miles.

### COMETS' TAILS.

M. Flammarion, at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, read a paper on the nature of the tails of comets. He inclines to the opinion, that the tail of the comet is not material, but rather an excitation of the ether which pervades space. The perfect transparency of the tail, notwithstanding its enormous dimensions, seems to favor this view. M. Flammarion also calculates that the tail of the comet of 1843, at the distance of the earth from the sun, must have swept space with a velocity of 64,000,000

meters per second, (nearly 210,000,000 feet per second, or something less than 40,000 miles). Any molecule of matter flying at such a rate of speed would not remain for an instant within the sphere of solar attraction, but would fly off into space, and not move in a closed orbit around the sun.

#### TEMPERATURE AT WHICH STEEL BECOMES WEAK.

It is well known that a steel that is very flexible when cold, breaks at the blue annealing temperature. It has generally been considered that the purer the iron is, the less subject it is to this defect; but the workmen of the Ural Mountains, who use iron of remarkable purity, have often observed the same fact. Mr. Adamson has found that the metal becomes powdery at a temperature between  $260^{\circ}$  and  $370^{\circ}$  C. ( $500^{\circ}$  and  $698^{\circ}$  F.) or the temperature at which willow twigs take fire. This phenomenon seems to explain a large number of accidents, such as the breaking of tires under the action of brakes, and the fracture of riveted moulds, and of machine arbors which become heated by friction.

#### CYANOTYPE PHOTOGRAPHS.

The perfect production of a blue photograph on a white ground is a comparatively new invention, although the principle was announced in 1842 by Herschel.

The process as at present conducted by Captain Pizzighelli yields good results.

A solution of gum-arabic and water is mixed with an aqueous solution of citrate of iron and ammonia, and a solution of perchloride of iron. The mixture is applied with a brush to well-sized paper. Any tracing or drawing may be employed as a negative, and after printing a few minutes, the print is developed by a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium, applied with a brush. The picture at once appears as a dark blue positive. The print is then rinsed and immersed in a dish of dilute muriatic acid. It is then washed and dried. By this process the picture is produced in clear blue lines on a white ground.

#### ARTIFICIAL SOIL.

M. Dudouy of Saint Ouen has prepared an artificial manure which, applied to pure sand, has given remarkable results in horticulture. It consists of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash, magnesia, and sulphur, in some form of combinations, requiring dilution with twenty thousand volumes of water. He has experimented successfully with the mixture for five years.

#### COSMICAL DUST.

Dr. Lasaulx has investigated the mineral dust which at various times has been collected at different points, and which has been sought to be accounted for on the basis of a cosmic origin. The doctor finds, on examination of a specimen from Greenland, that the dust is not homogeneous, but composed of particles of quartz, mica, feldspar, garnet, orthoclase, and other minerals, mixed with brownish specks of organic nature, probably microscopic algae. The investigator concludes, from the absence of augite and chrysolite, that the dust is not of volcanic origin, but is probably derived from rocks on the coast of Greenland.

A specimen of dust from Catania, Sicily, also usually regarded as cosmical, has also been investigated and found to be probably derived from Mount Etna. He considers that the so-called cosmical dust is not such in reality, but is of terrestrial origin; and that it will be necessary to make much more thorough microscopic investigations in the future than have been made in the past, if other than a terrestrial origin is to be established for any such dust.

#### INFLUENCE OF COLORED LIGHT ON ANIMAL DEVELOPMENT.

The subject of the action of different colored lights on the development of plant and animal organisms is one which has excited the attention of investigators for many years. One of the latest investigators is M. Yung of Naples, who has investigated the influence of different colored lights in the development of the eggs of frogs, trout, and lymne, and finds that the different colors promoted development in the following order: first, violet, then blue, then yellow and white, (about the same) then red, and last green.

In most such cases, when forcing by some such artificial method is resorted to, the action is injurious if too long continued; and rapidity of development is at the expense of other equally important vital activities, like the rapidity of growth of plants in darkness or extreme shade, which is at the expense of flowering, fruit, and strength of tissue.

#### SEPARATION OF IRON-SAND.

At the exhibition of electrical apparatus at Paris, Edison the inventor has an apparatus for separating the iron-sand from sand which contains it, so as to make it profitable to work it for iron. It depends on the attraction of a magnet for the black sand, which is the magnetic oxide of iron. The mixed sand is allowed to fall from a V-shaped box, with a slit at the bottom, into a box below. The distance it falls is about four feet. The sand would fall naturally into one side of the box, which is divided into two parti-

tions. When a powerful magnet is placed at the proper distance on one side, the iron-sand is deflected just enough to fall into the other side, while the rest falls vertically into the other compartment.

A company has been formed for extracting iron from the sand at Long Island, and is now at work with its first machine, costing \$700, which takes one boy to manage it, and keeps busy six men and two carts to bring the sand. It is said to treat one hundred tons of sand a day, producing twenty tons of pure iron, at a cost of one dollar per ton, and selling at six dollars per ton.

#### NEW SANITARY MEASURES.

The National Board of Health have commissioned Professor J. W. Mallett of the University of Virginia

to conduct an examination of the methods in use of determining the dangerous or non-dangerous character of drinking-waters. Several methods are in use, all more or less empirical, and there is room for reasonable doubt as to the real value of the tests as an index of the dangerous character of drinking-waters. Hence the investigation by a chemist so competent and experienced as Professor Mallett is a desirable object.

It is also announced that the New York Board of Health is about to conduct an investigation into the extent of the adulteration of foods, drugs, and other articles in common use, the adulteration of which may prove dangerous to health. The result of the investigation is to be published in a report. It is to be hoped that the examination will be thorough and impartial, for the public are much in need of exact data on this important subject.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

Deserted studios and neglected art-galleries are the order of the season. At this dreary time, Mr. Narjot, prolific and uneven, has placed on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's his last and best effort. Although strongly reminiscent of a similar picture by Tavernier, "The Pioneer" is not without some excellent qualities of its own. The picture represents the interior of a miner's cabin, with gray-blanketed bunk, primitive furnishings, and all the well-known accessories of pioneer life. The miner, a stalwart, handsome fellow, with tawny beard, sits by the bedside, his left hand holding a letter he reads, and his right caressing a dog at his knee. The light, admitted through a small window on the right, falls across the figure of the pioneer. The picture is an attractive one, pleasing in composition and fairly drawn. Mr. Narjot seems to be on the safer side when he omits the very crude landscapes that sometimes mar his efforts. There are at the same gallery two or three pictures in water-color, by foreign artists, that are well worth a visit. The very best are three flower-pieces by Madame Vouga. For delicacy, grace, and technical skill, these flower-pieces are not surpassed by any that have ever been exhibited in San Francisco. They should be seen by every one who would realize the brilliancy and beauty of skilfully handled water-colors.

The gem of the oil-paintings in this gallery is a twilight, by Harvey Young, a one-time San Franciscan, gone to Europe and to glory. The pictures that Mr. Young sends here from time to time show rapid and steady improvement. Now, as always, the last is the best, and the "Twilight" surpasses any of the many excellent attempts of the same sub-

ject exhibited here. It represents a simple landscape, cattle in the foreground, a cottage in the middle distance, and miles away, across brown, barren fields, the last of the sunset—a faint, golden afterglow, that seems to fade as you look. There is in this picture a breadth and simplicity of style and a delicacy of sentiment that stamp it as a genuine work of art. There has been a great mistake made in the framing. The broad mass of gilding has the effect of lighting it up, and half destroys the feeling of gathering gloom, which is the true sentiment of the work, and should be enhanced rather than suppressed.

F. Marion Wells, the sculptor, has about completed a statuette of Mr. Sheridan, the tragedian, as Louis XI. The pose chosen is taken from the first act, where Louis, seated in his chair of state, leans his chin upon his left hand, and seems to reflect upon the document he clutches in his right. Shut out by the type and character of his model from that tendency to over-pretiness which has sometimes marred his work, Mr. Wells has devoted all his energies to making a vigorous character portrait. He has admirably succeeded. The beetling brows, half-closed, relentless eyes, strong nose, drawn upper and projecting under lip, square, seamed jaws, the high-set, stooping shoulders, and nervous muscular hands, unite with all the other features of this marvelous impersonation to form a subject the like of which is most rare. Our artist has appreciated it, and attacked it *con amore*. It is a compliment to Mr. Wells, that this statuette, although not quite finished, has given

such satisfaction to many who have seen it that duplicates have already been ordered. It is fitting that a Californian artist should succeed in making so successful a portrait of the character in which we were the first to extend to Mr. Sheridan the recognition he has since met with elsewhere.

There are also to be seen in Mr. Wells's studio two busts, one of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, and the other of Admiral Gaspard de Coligny. They are historical portraits, modeled from engravings, etchings, and authentic descriptions. They show research, patient care, and skill, and are modeled with grace and character. They are designed as ornaments for the library of a gentleman of culture, and are a great credit to Mr. Wells, as well as to the good taste of the gentleman who ordered them, and who has taken a personal interest in their execution.

Mr. Julian W. Rix, one of the youngest and most successful of our local artists, is about to leave San Francisco. Mr. Rix goes to New York, and thence, after a season, to Europe. It does not require the gift of second sight to predict success for this energetic and talented young artist, nor to say that, like Bloomer, Welch, and Young of the landscape, and Rosenthal and Neal of the figure, painters, he will always be a credit to the city he calls home. Mr. Rix, with his wonderful gift of color, has that "fatal facility" which might have been a drawback to his progress in San Francisco, but which will only stand him in good stead in cities where standards are higher, competition more active, and criticism keener. There is among the majority of San Francisco artists an assiduously cultivated Bohemianism, that is paralyzing to the faculties of those who remain too long among us.

The day seems to have come when we may be proud of the fact that David Neal was once a member of our community, and calls San Francisco "home." The success of the year in Munich has been his picture of a nun at her devotions, kneeling in a crypt into which the light streams from above. The picture was suggested by Uhland's Poem, "The Elm of Hirsau," and the line which may be freely translated, "O ray of heavenly light, thou penetrates every depth." The German art journals unite unanimously and enthusiastically in pronouncing this picture the finest of the year. As we are obliged to rely entirely upon the opinions of those journals, it may be well to give one or two of them *verbatim*. They will doubtless interest Mr. Neal's many friends on this coast, and more especially the fortunate few who own pictures by him.

The renowned German art critic, Friedrich Pecht, says of him: "It is a singularly remarkable fact, that the strongest representative of the modern romantic school is an American, David Neal."

From a Munich art journal, *apropos* of the "Munich Art Union Exhibition," we have this: "There is, under our present predominating art influences, a tendency to return to a greater severity of style, which is sure of producing excellent results. That the power of making that deep and lasting impression which a real work of art must do, is not to be gained by the painting of mere realistic imitations of nature, but by a direct appeal to our ideal feelings, is plainly demonstrated in the picture exhibited by David Neal. \* \* \* The painter illustrates the lines in a highly poetic manner by the figure of a nun wrapped in devotion. The rays of sunlight which stream down into the crypt illuminate with delicate warmth the beautiful, noble form of the kneeling girl."

From another: "The most important of all the works on exhibition is a nun at her devotions, by David Neal. She is most beautiful, but with that spiritual beauty which is, in contrast to mere superficial elegance, the reflection of a glorious soul. None of the pictures on exhibition approach in any degree the formal requirements of a work of art as this one does. The general arrangement of the picture is remarkably natural, the drawing correct, and the technical execution carried out with a skill and adroitness seldom to be met with."

As the foregoing is a very small part of all that has been said in favor of this, no doubt, remarkable picture, it is safe to conclude that Mr. Neal, already fortunate and famous, will from this time forth be ranked among the European masters.

Mr. Theodore Wores left San Francisco seven years ago to study painting in Germany, and spent six years at the Royal Academy of Munich, and the last year at Venice, Florence, and Rome. He has now come home, and adorned his studio with many interesting studies, which give evidence of the industry of his academical work; but above all, with a picture which completely indicates his mature power as an artist. The subject, carried out in figures of life-size, is Juliet in Friar Lawrence's cell. Juliet is almost as popular for painting as Ophelia. We have seen we know not how many Juliefs on a balcony; and many painters have been content to dispense even with that little accessory, and to paint merely a pretty model, and call her Juliet. Mr. Wores has shown his originality by choosing an unhackneyed incident, and the manner in which he has carried it out shows that his imagination and feeling were equal to the task.

Juliet is represented sitting against an old Gothic desk, which supports her elbow, while her chin rests heavily on her hand. Behind her on the right is the wall of the cell, covered with the rich colors of a dilapidated fresco; on the left stands Friar Lawrence. The right side of the foreground is filled up with the folds of Juliet's dress; and on the left are seen the carved end of the desk, and an old Bible, parchment,

and copper vessel on the floor. Nothing could be finer than the expression of Juliet's figure. Everything about it indicates hopeless despair. The head pressing heavily on the hand, the left arm nervelessly lying on the lap, the body sinking on the hips, the feet thrust weakly underneath the body out of sight—all emphasize the description Juliet gives of herself in the play, as "past hope, past care, past help." The pallor of the face harmonizes also with this description, and is thoroughly consistent with her Italian type of beauty. In the painting of the dress, Mr. Wores has given an example of his technical skill. The glossy satin linings of the sleeve, and the soft velvet trimmings, are admirable studies of texture; and the painting of the folds of the dress from the knees down is masterly.

With his conception of Friar Lawrence, however, we cannot altogether agree. With folded hands the Friar stands looking down upon Juliet, without a particle of sympathy, and with no other expression in his face than that of an unmoved, attentive listener. This satisfies, we confess, the conventional idea of a friar as a man withdrawn from the worldliness of life, and bent only upon preparing for eternity. But the Friar Lawrence of Shakspere was a man of human

sympathies; and we expect, therefore, to see portrayed in his countenance the pity of age for those heart-sufferings of youth which it has once endured itself; and yet a pity that can almost break into a smile at the thought of the solution, quickly suggested by experience, which shall turn all this sorrow into joy. But Mr. Wores has thoroughly carried out his own conception, and the head and hand of the Friar are excellently painted.

Nothing in the whole picture is more admirably done than the old fresco on the wall. This is a masterpiece of coloring. There was danger here that the figures should attain too great prominence, and so distract attention from the picture as a whole. This has been carefully avoided, without preventing one from distinguishing the Virgin and Child surrounded by the Wise Men of the East. There is nothing labored, and everything refreshing, in the spirit with which this fresco is painted. Similar praise is due the old Bible and copper vessel on the floor; though the tone of the desk seems harder and colder than it need have been. The whole picture, in short, is a work of which its author has every reason to be proud. It would make a young artist's reputation in any part of the world.

## OUTCROPPINGS.

### DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

#### SURPRISING A JACK-RABBIT.

One morning, over three years ago, I was taking a walk with John Sidebottom from the Suffering Moses, one of his mining claims, to another, the St. Bill. It was in Utah, and in January, as well. He wanted to see how some work was progressing on the latter claim. Had invited me to go along for company.

He was not particular about the company he kept.

The morning was very cold. The night before was the coldest of the winter. One of the miners at the Suffering Moses had through sympathy for the thermometer taken it to bed with him.

The exercise of walking, and the keen air, made the blood tingle. John was filled with frolicsome-ness. It seemed that he was not only not ashamed of being alive, but was actually proud of it.

"See that jack-rabbit," said he, pointing to one sitting by a sage-brush about a hundred yards from the trail.

"Yes, I see it."

He whistled a prolonged whistle, to start it. But the rabbit did not appear to notice it. Then John fetched a "barbaric yawp," with no better success.

"He's asleep," said John.

"No, he does not hear you, or is too cold to be easily frightened," I answered.

"He's asleep; and I'll bet I can catch him," he continued.

"Oh, let the rabbit alone. It's so cold, let's not be fooling around here."

But John was overflowing with gladness. His life currents were surging. He replied:

"I can do it in a minute. Just you be right still while I creep up on him. Don't move about and disturb him."

He started toward the rabbit in that half-bent position, and with that bowing motion, which one assumes when moving stealthily.

He could have walked two-thirds the distance in an upright position, and at an ordinary gait, so far as I could see, before it was necessary to begin to creep. But he wanted to take all the precautions, and leave nothing undone to insure success.

When he had got about one-fourth the distance, he stopped. He looked back at me, I suppose, to see if I had changed my position. I had not. He probably thought he saw the rabbit move a little, and glanced back to ascertain if it was caused by me. I was keeping perfectly still, for I had already begun to get interested in the outcome of the undertaking.

John did not walk any further. He got down on his all-fours. Doubtless he thought of the cat, and concluded he would imitate its movement. He made long, silent reaches with his knees and hands; placing his naked hands flat down on the hard frozen snow. There was a little snow on the ground.

When he had accomplished fifty yards of the journey, he again looked at me, motioned me to be still, laid off his hat, and got down on the front of his waistband. He slid now.

He was warmed up and excited. I could see his breath steam forth on the crisp air. It looked like a pyramid with the apex resting on the perforated end of his nose. I, too, although shivering when the chase opened, began to feel comfortable.

It is singular how mental excitement will warm one up, until he gets on a welding-heat.

I sweated.

Fifteen yards farther, John rested his chin firmly in the snow, and took off his coat. It was getting summer with him.

He glided noiselessly twenty yards more. Once more he looked toward me. He seemed to lack confidence in me. Excited to the highest pitch himself, he felt that I was not remaining still, or could not. He said, afterward, that he thought he saw the rabbit shake its right eye, and wink its left ear. Under the excitement, I was inching up a little; but it must have been imperceptible to him. I felt as if I was moving a little in my clothes. Not budging the clothes.

I was as silent as a dumbbell.

He frowned on me a frown deep and wide. Then turned slowly and cautiously over on his back, and pushed off his boots with his toes. Next he turned back to his original position, resting on the front of his vest.

I could not see the wisdom of his taking off his boots. He was not traveling on his feet. Rather on his waistband button.

He was now getting pretty close to the rabbit. I could see that his face was flushed. It was the excitement of the chase. His eyes, intent on the prey, had pushed somewhat ahead of their usual position. They constituted the advance guard of the expedition. I feared they would defeat him, after all his trouble, by touching the rabbit, and awakening it before he could reach it with his hands.

He neared the unsuspecting game. For the last twenty yards I had noticed that the pyramid of fog formed by John's breathing had disappeared.

He was holding his breath.

I saw him raise his hand so slowly that the motion could scarcely be perceived. Thought I could see the rabbit open its eyes, and elevate its head a little. I screeched, for fear John would miss it. Involuntarily I stretched forth my hand, and clutched the thin, cold air. His hand came down like the pounce of a cat. He had the rabbit.

It was dead.

Frozen!

#### FACING DEATH BACKWARDS.

A gentleman employed me once to work on his cattle-ranch. It was in western Nebraska. My ignorance of the cattle business was fathomless: an abyss. But the proprietor of the ranch was short of help, and my circumstances were such that I felt willing to encourage the progress of the world in almost any capacity.

He had a number of men on the ranch. They understood the business. Their proficiency in throwing the lariat, or rope as they frequently called it, was wonderful. Some of the men could, at will, throw the rope over either the head or any particular foot of a cow. One Texan from the Brazos frequently asserted his ability to lasso a flying wild-goose, if any one would furnish a rope long enough.

One evening at supper, all the men being present, I made the remark, that when a man becomes accustomed to herding with cattle, and associating with horses, and learns to throw the lasso well, he is not fit for anything else. When I look back now, after the lapse of years, I think possibly there might have been some jealousy rankling in my bosom. The remark didn't increase the love of the other hired men for me. They didn't seem drawn to me.

I had heard, more than once, my inability to use the lariat spoken of; and had heard references made to my general uselessness. Finally, one day, having some time of my own, I concluded to go out and practice alone with the lariat. The other men would use the rope a-foot or on horseback, indifferently. I preferred the ground for my field of operations; because I knew, if I attempted to use the rope on horseback, I might, in my ignorance, get the horse or cow, or both, and maybe myself, entangled in the rope. Then some one of the party would probably get hurt. I might be the member.

I selected a long rope, so that I could remain at a good distance from any animal that might be lassoed by me. The steer of the plains is not affable. A steer is frequently met whose education has been neglected in those refinements which make one's presence agreeable.

After many trials, I succeeded in throwing the noose over a nervous-looking steer. He was blind on one side. I lassoed him from that side. He saw at a glance that he was in trouble.

A very impressive scene ensued.

He made a leap or two, which entangled me in the rope. I could not extricate myself, and, to prevent being dragged to death, ran entirely around a tree with my end of the rope, leaping, in the circuit, the part of the rope extending from the tree to the steer. This gave me a kind of hitch on him.

The steer was frantic. I was distraught.

As he reared and plunged, his end of the rope would sometimes slacken a little, and I would gain some rope from him; at the same time making the most strenuous efforts to disentangle myself. This I

was unable to do, for the rope had tied itself about one of my legs. I wanted to gain rope, until I got him up against the tree; and had succeeded in getting about two feet more of the rope—this I learned a minute afterward—than the steer had, when it caught in some way on a knot—the stump remaining on a tree of a decayed and fallen branch—and would not slip any more either way.

The steer, finding he could accomplish nothing by bull-headedness, stopped a moment, seemingly to consider. His one eye fell on me. That was the first he knew of my being around. Each one of us made a mad rush: he at me, I from him. I ran round and round the tree. He followed with deep earnestness. As we wound the rope round the tree, our respective ends of it got shorter and shorter. Finally, we wound up all the rope we had.

I had been told that one of my duties on a cattle-range would be to occasionally assist in what was called a "round-up" of cattle. Evidently my time to assist had arrived.

The tips of the steer's horns were within two feet of my back, and I could have kicked him in the flank. I refrained. I didn't want to irritate him. His one eye glared furiously. There was murder in it.

The situation was annoying.

Not being able to reach me, he started back the way we had come. Of course I started too; and we unwound with great rapidity, only to wind up again with like rapidity. Again and again we rushed madly around until we closed upon the tree, then would swing furiously out as far as the rope would allow us. It seemed to me we did this hundreds of times. The livid moments grew into lurid ages.

I began to get a clearer idea of eternity.

I was becoming exhausted. The steer was becoming madder. The noose of the rope around his neck would sometimes tighten, and he would breathe loud and with difficulty. Then I would begin to hope he would die of suffocation before I died of fright. But every time, just before he dropped dead, he would draw back to make a lunge at me, and in the act get a little breath—enough for his purposes.

I observed at the end of one wind-up, which we wound up with the speed of the wind, that the points of his horns were a little closer to me than they were at the preceding wind-up. The rope was slipping perceptibly, and in his favor.

Away we went again. The horns were getting closer. The steer made a spurt. I did too. When we reached the end of the track, his horns touched my back. They were sharp. I could feel his hot breath on the back of my neck. Death was only a question of rope. My life was limited to a few more round-ups.

I felt uneasy in my mind.

Just at that moment I was overjoyed to see two of the men employed on the ranch gallop up. In a twinkling one of them had a lariat over a leg of the steer, and held him firmly, while the other rode up

and removed the noose from his neck. The steer ran away from the presence of horses.

The men alighted. As soon as I found my tongue, I rushed to them, and, embracing one, said:

"Jim, how can I ever repay you?"

"Oh, that dollar you borrowed from me! You needn't worry about that."

Then turning to the other, I threw my arms about him, exclaiming:

"Dear old Tex, what can I do for you?"

"You can let me loose."

"Oh, boys! if you could only have been here an hour ago, when this started, and saved me this horrible experience!"

"We've been here two hours," replied Tex.

"Where?"

"Sitting out here on our horses, watching your new style of rounding-up cattle."

I ceased to embrace them.

#### WILLIAM COMEBACK.

William Comeback, as he was called, lived in what was known as Jeff Moody's Camp. He was also called Billiard-ball Billy; why, was never explained to me. Only he had a very small head. Not a hair on it. He couldn't stay away from the camp any length of time.

Jeff Moody's Camp was not an inviting place, either. Jeff started the place, located the first claim in it, and, when he died, it took his name. He died of giant cartridge in the pocket. The camp led a sickly existence. Locators were waiting for somebody to buy their prospects. The demand for holes in the ground was not stiff. No rush. Generally there was only one saloon doing business. Never more than three. Camp had no graveyard. Only one game of poker. But Billy liked it.

He wore a pair of buckskin pants. They were fringed on the outside seams of the legs from hip to foot, fastened at the waistband by a big brass button, and had a patch on the left knee. Those were the only pants he ever wore in Jeff Moody's Camp. The big brass button was shiny. So was the top of Billy's head.

Billy went to an excitement in Idaho. In six months he returned.

Some of the fringe was worn off the right leg of his buckskin pants. On being asked why he did not like Idaho, he said:

"Couldn't stan' it to stay 'way. Had to come back to the ole camp."

His next trip was to Montana; in a few months he was back. All the fringe was off the right leg of his pants, and some missing from the left leg. His story was the same:

"Couldn't stan' it. Wanted to see the boys."

He then prospected in Utah. But had been ab-

sent only two months when he returned. The fringe was all gone. The big brass button was not. He reported:

"Got homesick, you know."

He next tried Arizona; but was in Jeff Moody's Camp again in a short time. The patch on his left knee was gone. A bigger one was there. He was asked what was his objection to Arizona.

"Got lonesome. Let's take somethin'."

The boys did.

Finally, Billy took the mountain-fever. Sometimes he was delirious. Day after day his strength waned. The top of his head grew less and less shiny. Billy's days were numbered. He passed over into the unknown land.

There was no graveyard. A grave had to be blasted out for Billy. Jeff Moody's Camp was built on a rock. A point a little elevated, and in full view of the one street of the camp, was selected for Billy's long sleep. Two men were set to blasting. They would drill three holes in a row, about a foot and a half apart, charge them, and fire them off. Thus they went on down. Some one remarked that they would have to blast a deep grave, and bury Billy securely, or he would come back. When the fuses to the last three holes were set off, Billy and his friends were on the ground. Two of the charges exploded, the third failed. Some wanted to wait and see if the third charge would explode, but the majority thought it would never go off. So Billy was planted in the sterile place.

Billy, when alive, always liked to have Tom Gildersleeve drink with him. Tom liked it too. Tom put up a board at the head of Billy's grave. He fastened the big brass button, his dead friend's waistband button, and which had flashed in many a mingling excitement, in the headboard, near the top, by driving the eye of the button into the wood. Under the button he wrote:

"BILLY CUMBACK  
LIT OUT JULY 16ST 1869."

The next morning it was noised around that Billy had returned during the night. People glanced up toward the grave. Something was wrong up there. Parties went up. Billy had come back.

The third charge had exploded.

LOCK MELONE.

#### DENARIUS CONSULARIS.

In pensive mood, I hold  
Upon mine open palm a Roman penny;  
A little disk of silver, bearing strange  
And rugged characters, quaint legends that  
Reveal in fitful gleams the storied lore  
Of other days. Upon the bright obverse  
The artist hath portrayed, in soft relief,  
The profile of a noble lady, staid  
And prim, the luster of whose beaming eye

The turmoil of a thousand years twice told  
Hath not bedimmed; but cold and sphinx-like still,  
It sharply peereth on, as if to scan  
The depths of fathomless futurity.

Behold, a pearly necklace setteth off  
The contour of her swelling bust, while from  
Her classic ear-lobes pendant jewels gleam,  
A gauzy veil hath caught her flowing hair,  
And, turreted in stately grace, her brow  
Beseemeth well the bearing of a queen.

"C. FABI. C. F. CAIVS FABIVS" —  
Aha! I have it now! The comely wife  
Of *Caius Fabius*, the Consul! *He*  
*Whose family doth claim direct descent*  
*From mighty Hercules!\**

How passing vain  
The cherished hopes and impotent the pride  
Of boasted royalty!

Who now can sift  
The powdered débris of mortality,  
And gleam from mingled dust of autocrat,  
Plebeian, page, and slave, the elements  
Of regal birth, or desiccated blood  
That coursed patrician veins?

How fairest thou,  
O strange sojourner from a former world?  
What tidings from the dim agone? What cheer  
From mystic realm of olden-time?

Thy years  
Are many and replete with garnered sheaves;  
Thou hast attained a venerable age,  
When He who spake as never man did speak  
Sojourned among the sons of men. Thenceforth,  
Adown time's rugged causeway hast thou come,  
Till now thou playst the role of *fated* guest  
Around our firesides of to-day.

O that  
Thou hadst a tongue! and I could talk with thee,  
As, face to face, I hold sweet converse with  
My neighbor friend. Then would I in thine own  
Vernacular accost and surfeit thee  
With queries touching all those marvelous  
Events, those mighty deeds of men whose fame  
No pen of scribe hath ever chronicled  
Nor monument preserved.

But list, my soul,  
Methinks I hear a solemn warning now  
From out the graves where resteth in great heaps  
The dreggy dust of those whose finger-tips  
Have pressed this self-same Roman penny:

"Dust  
We were, and unto dust have we returned;  
So art thou 'Dust and unto dust shalt thou  
Return,' O man!"

L. P. VENEN.

\* The classical scholar need not be reminded of this extravagant assumption on the part of the *gens Fabii*. To the general reader, however, it may be amusing to know to what straits the members of that family were put, in tracing their name and lineage. Evander, the reputed son of Hercules and Carmenata, an Arcadian nymph, emigrated from Greece into Italy, and settled upon the Palatine hill. The daughter of Evander so inherited the marvelous beauty of her earth-born mother, that her grandfather, Hercules, became violently enamored of her. As the fruit of their liaison, a son was born to her, who became the immediate progenitor of the *Fabii*. So much for the kinship of the gods. This son, having settled down to the arts of peace, became extensively engaged in the cultivation of pulse, (faba) and hence the cognomen which he transmitted.

## AN AMERICAN BEFOGGED IN ENGLAND.

Joseph Hatton, in his *To-day in America*, just published, tells the following:

"Do you call this a London fog?" asked a newly imported citizen of the Great Republic, as he stood by my side at a window of the American Exchange.

"Yes, something of that kind," I answered.

"Well," said the little fellow, looking upward with a sigh, "I wouldn't live in London if you would give it to me."

"No?"

"No, sir! I think I have met you in Massachusetts?"

"Perhaps."

"You are an American?"

"No, unfortunately," I said.

"Well, you may say that," replied my casual acquaintance, "though, mind you, there is plenty to admire in this country. I have only been here a week; most of that time I have spent at Westminster Abbey. We've got nothing of that kind home. That Westminster Abbey is a thing to be proud of, I tell you. But what has astonished me most is your banking-houses; must have been a thousand clerks in the one I was at this morning, and they was shoveling the gold about in scoops as if it was dirt. Never seen so much money in my life as I see them chucking about in that office; no, sir!"

"In what vessel did you come over?"

"The *Parthia*; fifteen days; sick all the way; they gathered round to see me die, but I concluded to come on. It was a pretty bad storm, but 'safe, if slow,' is the Cunard motto. And this is a London fog, is it? Well, how do you manage to live here? that's what I can't understand. There's one thing that I like, that's the civility you meet with. Now, in America, you wouldn't have sat down and talked to me like this. No sir, you bet! And that's what is very pleasant here. Now, at Liverpool, when I landed, I wanted to get on to Cardiff, so I asked my way of a gentleman in the street, and he says, 'By Birkenhead'; but another comes up, and he says, 'That track is blocked with snow,' and he gives me another direction, and in a civil, nice way. I shall have some funny things to tell them home. I see a notice about tickets, and I asked for one to Cardiff, and he says, 'It's a pound and two.' I give him two pound, and he hands me the change. When I get into the depot I says, 'Where's the train?' 'Here,' says a sort of policeman, pointing to a row of things like second-hand coffins. 'The cars, I mean,' I answers, and he says, 'Them' them.' So I says, 'Which for Cardiff?' And he says, 'This; are you booked?' and I says, 'No.' 'Then you can't go in unless you're booked,' he says, and I began to think that I had neglected something in the way of papers, and would have to go to the American consul about it. 'That's very awkward,' I says. 'It would be very awkward for you if you got in and went on without being booked,' he answered, in a way that

made me feel timid, and I began to think of the high-handed style you Britishers have of dealing with foreigners, and so I thought I would make a clean breast of the affair and tell him that I did not know what he meant; and he says, 'Come this way and I'll show you,' which, he being a big fellow and me a little one, as you see, and a stranger, rather increased my trepidation, and the weather so bad and all; but he only took me to the place where I had bought my ticket, and he says, 'There; that's the bookin' office,' and I says, 'What shall I do?' 'Why take your ticket,' he says, and I answered that I had bought a ticket. 'Why didn't you say so afore?' he says, and I said, 'Why didn't you say so before?' and he says, 'I did ask you if you was booked, and you said "No"'; and then I laughed, and told him I was an American and didn't understand, and then he laughed, and we had a drink; but the difference between what you call things and what we call them is wonderful."

## THE SCHOOL FOR MEN.

These bending skies that close earth round  
As barred and mystic prison-ground,  
Are wider far than all our ken;  
For mind is here—the soul of things—  
And truth in endless anthems sings,  
And God himself hath school for men.

Brave hearts reach forth their little hands  
And take the book that open stands,  
As oracles and leaves of life;  
They con the mystic lessons o'er,  
And read the word of things, nor more  
Waste all their day in bigot strife.

They break the clasp of strata-folds,  
And find the stony page that holds  
The buried past of men and things;  
They see in rock and tree and flower  
The holy truth, the eternal power—  
The thought from which all order springs.

Sweet sunbeams paint the art of God  
On all that dots the springing sod,  
In colors each divinely mixed;  
And through their tangled hues reveal  
The truth that grosser forms conceal,  
In lines Almighty law hath fixed.

And force, in myriad wonder-ways,  
Now slow as life, now swift as days,  
Is shaping out the eternal plan;  
Breathes in the winds and moves in storms,  
And throbs in all earth's vital forms,  
And, God-like, thinks and feels in man.

In things we thus find holy books—  
Vedas in stones, Bibles in brooks—  
The light is wise old Hermes' pen;  
Sweet psalms from every tree resound,  
And in each clod the Word is found;  
For God himself hath school for men.

J. D. STRONG.

## THE MORAL COMPRESS.

During a somewhat extended tour through the north-western portion of British Columbia, I have devoted a good deal of time to the study of the mind and habits of the Indian, which has resulted in my forming a theory, or, to speak more correctly, a plan, by which, if it could only be patented, the whole race of mankind could be improved, and all sin and sorrow taken from the world.

Of the numerous and characteristic tribes which people this new world, that called the Flat Head has charmed me most, and afforded me the greatest field for thought. These people are stunted in growth, weakly in temperament, hideous in feature, and their heads being flattened in infancy has caused them to be duller of comprehension, more sullen and stupid, than those neighboring tribes who have not been subjected to the *head-leveling* process; thereby proving that a board tied on the forehead in early youth compresses the spiritual and nobler qualities of the mind, while the lower and more animal tendencies have power to develop.

My idea, then, is this: Let us make a model of a perfect head, a specimen of the phrenologist's greatest skill, in which all the virtues stand out large, and all the vices are left out in the cold; from this model form a hollow mould or compress, and let these be made in all sizes, to fit all heads from the new-born infant to the oldest inhabitant. Let the child's head be incased in this helmet of virtue, and let it grow in grace. Of course the texture must be flexible, so that the brain and virtues must not be prevented from enlarging, and when that compress becomes too small, change it for number two; for as one's babies grow out of their clothes, so naturally would they grow out of their mental compresses.

Then, again, as a race of men and women formed entirely on the one model would be slightly monotonous, I propose there should be a variety of equally perfect characters, to suit all nations and all climates. First, of course, there would be the simple moral compress, which would form the basis of them all, to which might be added (at a very slight extra cost) the musical bump, (or perhaps that is a hollow) or the artistic bump, the bump of language, and so forth; then an entirely new compress would be needed for an aesthetic person or an inventive person; again, one might have an explorer to start out after the "Jeannette," or to penetrate the wilds of Africa. A few cast-iron compresses would be needed, just at first, for those hardened sinners that were brought up under the old *regime*.

What a race of men we should become! With what noble and philanthropic ideas should we be endowed! Where would be our prisons and penitentiaries? No more murders, or shooting of Presidents. No more unhappiness. No more wars. In fact, Utopia is nothing to it.

The only thing needed is to decide what *would* be perfection in mankind, then get the model patented,

and an act of the legislature passed, making the use of the compress for infants compulsory; then set to work and build factories, and turn out your moulds by the million, and the thing is done.

The charge *per capita* should be in accordance with the number of *extras* and accomplishments added on to the mould, allowing also for size, flexibility, and the less important matters of outside embroidery and ornamentation.

Quite apart from the immense good that would result to the human race, there's money in it, my friends: just you try it. ANITA L. MURRAY.

## THE CARLYLE FAMILY.

Wm. Howie Wylie tells the following in his late work on Carlyle:

"All Carlyle's brothers and sisters were distinguished by a decisive, strong character; and of his surviving brother, James, we have heard more than one of his acquaintances remark that, with Thomas's education, he might have been another of the same. His words seem to have double power in his mouth, and were always 'clenching' when aught was under discussion. It was he who received the striking eulogy from the old parish roadman at Ecclefechan. 'Been a long time in this neighborhood?' asked an American traveler, on the outlook for a sight of the sage. 'Been here a' ma days, sir.' 'Then you'll know the Carlyles?' 'Weel that; a ken the whole o' them. There was, let me see,' he said, leaning on his shovel and pondering, 'there was Jock, he was a kind o' througither sort o' chap, a doctor, but no a bad fellow Jock—he's deid, man.' 'And there was Thomas?' said the inquirer eagerly. 'Oh, ay, of course, there's Tam—a useless munestruck chap that writes books and talks havers. Tam stays mostly up in London. There's naething in Tam. But, man, there's Jamie owre in the Newlands—there's a chap for ye. He's the man o' that family! Jamie tak's the mair swine into Ecclefechan markets than any ither farmer in the parish!'"

## DOWN IN VIRGINNY.

"The ideas of religion and morality were kept curiously separate in the darky mind," said Mr. G——, which reminds me of a story. A woman stole a goose, and was picking it on a Sunday morning, when a neighbor, who knew of the theft, said:

"Why, Maria, isn't yo' 'shamed to take de communion, an' yo' pickin' a stole goose?"

"An' do yo' tink I'd let a pore, mizzable goose stand between me an' my Maker? No, indeedy!"

And she took the communion.

BOOK NOTICES CROWDED OUT.—Our notices of late publications are unavoidably omitted until next month.